THE CONSTELLATION.

"VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE AND PLEASED WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULGED."

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COMMUNICATIONS.

THE HAUNTED BELL.

———"It is now dead midnight.
Cold fearful drops stand on my trembling flesh.
What do I fear?—Myself?"

In the early papal ages, it was believed by many that the bells of the cathedrals and churches, possessed the power of driving away all evil spirits, that were as they imagined, continually traversing unseen through the air, like the bird of night, in search of their prey; and that at the solemn peals of the bell, they would vanish like a ghost, upon the crowing of the cock—at least one church bell, as we shall shortly see, has not been celebrated for any such *kind* of charms, but on the contrary, as it was supposed, wickedly lent its noisy tongue to aid the machinations of the Genius of Darkness to the no small annoyance of many pious and good people; and this too not in the dark ages of necromancy when a belief in fairies, hob-goblins and witches was considered an essential article of the christian faith—but within our own times and recollections.—Twelve years ago, or thereabouts, Andrew Briggs was sexton of the meeting house in the village of——— pleasantly situated upon the eastern banks of the Housatonic.

Andrew was also watch repairer, clock tinker and silver plater. He was for the most part a very religious, good sort of a man and kind neighbor, though somewhat given to the marvellous—but whether his praiseworthy qualities, owed their existence to the good example of his pious wife, who—as in duty bound every bellman's better half should be, was a member of the church—or arose from an innate conviction of the sanctity of his station, has been occasion of much shrewd conjecture. Notwithstanding all these rare opportunities of grace, Andrew's religion would at times wear off like the silver upon his plated wares.

The evening of one Sabbath in the summer, the bell-man much more fatigued than with the ordinary duties of that day, having tolled the bell for two funerals, retired to his bed somewhat earlier than was his usual custom, and as he yielded himself to sleep, a smile of complacency came over his features, which indicated an inward satisfaction of what he had by virtue of his official capacity been obliged to execute towards the mortal remains of his ancient rival, Jack Townsend, who had been formerly sexton of the same church, and who had stood in the way of Andrew's present preferment.

"The iron tongue of midnight *had* told twelve"—when a strange noise disturbed the pleasing dreams of the happy sexton—the solemn sound of a bell reached his drowsy ears—at first he thought it was but the vague impressions of the sounds so oft repeated during the day; but another and another peal still echoing in his ear, and vibrating with increased distinctness through the air, soon convinced him it was indeed reality.—Terrified he started from his bed and quickly putting on his clothes, with a light in his hand, bent his way to the meeting house.

He found the outer door locked—and ascendcending cautiously several flights of stairs he reached the scuttle like door that opened to the belfry, and as he was in the act of lifting it up, the cause of his alarm suddenly ceased—all was as silent as if nothing had transpired to disturb the death-like calmness of the night.

Andrew thinking at first it might have been nothing more than the pranks of some mischievous boys, who had secreted themselves in the church, took the very wise precaution of severing the bell rope from the wheel. And this too seemed the more proper upon a second reflection, for said he to himself, if perchance this should prove to be the trick of the devil, he at least shall not have the *benefit* of a *rope* to pull by.—He locked the belfry door, as well as all the others, that had any communication with the steeple, and with the rope on his arm retracing his steps to the house, consoled himself with the idea, that the authors of this intrusion upon his franchise, would have the benefit of solitary reflection for the rest of the night upon their unholy counsels: and that their devices by dint of lock and key had been successfully converted into a plague upon their inventors.—Scarcely had he reached his bed, when the "brazen mouthed" bell again began to fill the air with its ominous undulations—louder and louder the deep and solemn tones saluted the ears of the astonished sexton, and again he coursed his way to the church—he mounted the stairs—reached the belfry—all was quiet.—His courage now almost deserted him—trembling with fear, he hastily descended into the vestibule of the church—and lo! there stood a tall and wan figure. Upon its stern and apparently human visage shone the whitened rays of the full orbed moon. The first thoughts of the bell-man were to take to his heels for safety—but how could he?—the subject of his terror was in his very passage to the street—he boldly rushed forward—"Now I have thee in my power, villain, that thus most wickedly disturbs the repose of night"—loudly ejaculated *Deacon* Rexford, as he seized by the throat the astonished sexton.—Having with no small difficulty delivered himself from the grasp of the exasperated deacon and made known his official indentity, he lost no time in rehearsing to the deacon, as well as his agitated state of mind would permit, all that had happened. to him that night.

"Well this only makes true what I said to Parson Howard but the other day," remarked the prescient deacon, "I told him if he didn't preach more orthodox sermons, the devil would get the upper hand of him before he knew'd it.

The suggestion of the Deacon raised new alarm in the mind of our friend Andrew already excited by his last fruitless attempt at discovery. And though not prepared to believe that the arch enemy himself had taken up the manual occupation of bell-ringer, the idea of which would have occasioned Andrew, bold as he was, some "Knocking at the ribs against the use of nature"—yet it was apparent in his estimation that the disturber of his sleep was no mortal agent. And indeed what but some impalpable being not barred distance—or material obstructions could be supposed to move the ponderous metal without the aid of a rope. It must be therefore some "extravagant and erring spirit"—but wherefore and what the omen of this nocturnal exercise of his "*mystery*", for so Andrew considered his occupation, as Abhorson did that of an executioner—was a perplexing inquiry.

The reader will remember that on the day preceding had been performed the obsequies of the ancient sexton and it first occured to Andrew that it might be the signal for the gathering of the witches and warlocks around the ghost of the departed, it being his opinion that there was natural enmity on the part of these creatures toward a sexton whose office is to superintend the empty Church, and the adjoining burrying ground—the very places according to the popular belief where the revels of semi-infernal spirits are always held.

Had the sexton lingered long near the church it may be questioned whether he would not have been an eye witness to an assemblage of beldames in their "sarks" to perform a more solemn movement to the chime of the bell than was witnessed by Tam O'Shanter in a church yard more remote from a bell and where no other music was to be heard than, "Auld Nick's pipe." Be this as it may, Andrew's speedy retreat precludes the determination of the question—and "with hair unfixed" and a "disposition begining to shake" he reached his house. Here all immediate cause of terror being removed, and being moreover marvellously strengthened in the inner man by the sight of his amiable spouse, who had been accustomed during her coverture to disabuse his errors and to correct his weakness by violent discipline, as indeed she was well competent to do by her superiority of bone and muscle, Andrew began to retract some of his hasty surmises—and his better judgment induced him to believe that the departed spirit of Jack Townsend himself had returned to perform its own funeral obsequies, or rather to toll its own requiem. The ruling passion is proverbially said to be strong *in* death—and why not *after* death. It was once thought that the ghosts of the dead still hovered around the places of their living performances, which was perhaps derived from analogy to old age, which is too often seen devoted to the gratifications of earlier days when the faculties to enjoy them are gone. Now altho' Andrew probably did not go through with the profound ratiocination here supposed, yet as every popular idea is well known to be founded upon the opinion of some sage of former times, and as wisdom itself is nothing more than being a few years in advance of the multitude, it will probably be credited that Andrew without any profound power of induction arrived to the conclusion aforesaid, which he forthwith proceeded to disclose to his gentle partner with great solemnity. Scarcely had he delivered himself of his startling communication when Mrs. Briggs declared her utter disbelief of it. "Depend upon it, Mr. Briggs—ghosts have more to do than to be performing their own funerals over again, and it's just as like Jack Townsend should get up and dig his own grave again after having been once covered up, as to come back and ring a bell all night. It certainly is *somebody's* death toll."

"May be it's mine—said the frighted husband." "I'm very much afeared it is," responded his affectionate spouse. "If tis a spirit what should it mean by taking up your business, unless it is that you are not to attend to it any longer yourself?" Andrew dared not contradict his wife in word or thought, and so began to resign himself to his fate.

The bell now began again to toll and every vibration carried conviction to the mind of Andrew that his term of life was growing short. The ticking of the clock had not so fearful a distinctness to the ear of Morton when the Cameronian priest had fixed the hour of twelve for his execution, and he was waiting the moment when the hand should point at the fatal figure—as did each sound of the bell to the startling senses of the sexton. "I begin, Kate," said he, "to feel that I have but a little time to be with you." "The *main spring* of my existence is soon to be broken, and this is the knell of my speedy departure."

The residue of this discussion I shall forbear to relate, as it differs in no essential respect from that kind of *comfort* sometimes inflicted upon husbands of every rank of life, with the addition of certain christian consolations, such as are often administered by spiritual advisers to souls "*in extremis*" concerning the depravity of their hearts.

The requiem of Mozart wrought not more upon the spirit of that great musical composer, than the reverberations of the bell, that through the "live long night" had pained the ear of the sexton, did upon his anxious mind. Sleeplessly he passed the night, and unreservedly did he make known to his wife-*confessor*, all his secret thoughts and actions for which purgation might be necessary; among which were not a few derogatory to the allegiance due to the confessor herself.

In consideration of the approaching end of her husband, Mrs. Briggs dispensed with the summary justice she might otherwise have executed upon him for his misdeeds, and contented herself with that chastisement which few men covet a second time—*a curtain lecture.*

Monday came, and with it the thousand conjectures of the villagers—

"Old men and beldames in the streets
Did prophecy upon it dangerously."

Some thought with Deacon Rexford, it was doubtless the odd freak of some evil spirit; others deeply sympathised with the unfortunate sexton, and by way of *soothing* him, assured him there was no doubt but the mysterious occurrence was a forboding of his approaching doom.

Every body knows, or ought to know, that in Connecticut, Monday is exclusively set apart as the general *washing day*, and it is considered a crime not much less heinous to break in upon the duties of that day, than upon those of the Sabbath.

But upon this particular Monday, not a line was to be seen bending under its accustomed burden of sundry linen—those that had for months, to the annoyance of many a poor fellow's cranium, been stretched from tree to tree and from fence to fence, were missing. This excited in Andrew some suspicion of the truth. He hastened again to the belfry, and found attached to the clapper of the bell, one end of an immense line extending to the neighboring field, where the plotters against his peace had operated secure from his vengeance. But of what shape or nature his enemy might have been, whether "goblin damned," or some "evil spirit incarnate," he could not determine. Though the stealing of clothes lines has from time immemorial been a larceny especially chargeable to warlocks. Andrew considered such materials on this occasion equal proof of the identity of the persons engaged in the transaction as the "*taking with the manner*" which is known to be the highest evidence of felony in the common law. Others indeed believed the matter might have been accomplished by the intervention of the "light footed videttes of Beelzebub" as they were formerly termed in military parlance—but now commonly known as the "equestrians of a broom stick."

But however the truth might be, certain it is there could have been nothing prophetic of the fate of Andrew, who has continued to this day to perform his duty as sexton, and the "*Haunted Bell*" has not been known to ring except on proper occasions and by the usual means.

SIGMA.

PARAPHRASE
OF A PART OF
THE WAR OF INISTHONA.
FROM OSSIAN'S POEMS.

Our youth to th' hunter's dream is liken'd still,
Who wearied sleeps upon the heath clad hill.
He falls to rest 'neath sun-beams mild and warm,
But wakes amid the raging of the storm:
Red lightnings flash, and gloom the sky o'erspreads,
And to the wind trees shake their leafy heads.
He looks, with joy, back on those sunny hours
And dreams, where fancy deck'd his path with flowers.

But when shall Ossian's joyous youth return,
Or sound of armour cause his bosom burn?
When shall I, like young Oscar, seek the fight,
And travel in my steel's refulgent light?
Ye hills of Cona, and streams murmuring near,
Ye vales and rocks, the voice of Ossian hear:
In my worn spirit rise the tuneful lays,
As rise our Earth the morning's cheerful rays;
And my heart feels the joys of other days.

Thy stately towers, O Selma, I behold,
And the oaks that shade thy wall decay'd and old:
Thy streams roll on my ear their murmuring sound,
And thy fam'd heroes gather thick around:
They all the middle space to Fingal yield,
Who leans upon the mighty Trenmor's shield:
Against the wall he lays his massive spear,
And to his bard then lends a listening ear:
The deeds in arms the king achiev'd when young,
The foes he vanquish'd, by the bard are sung.

Oscar had quit the chase of bounding deer,
And came intent the hero's praise to hear:
The shield of Branno from the wall he took,
With tearful eye, and sadd'ning, anxious look:
His cheek was ting'd with youth's warm, ruddy glow,
His voice subdued, his accents trembling low:
And in his hand the spear's point glitt'ring shook.
While thus to Morven's valiant king he spoke.

"Fingal, thou first of heroes in the field,
And Ossian next, who ne'er to foe did yield;
Ye, in your youth, led on the embattled throng;
Your names are honor'd and renowned in song:
I, like the mist on Cona's summits high,
Which melts at morn into the azure sky,
I for a time appear, then vanish from the eye,
My praise, no bard will sing in measur'd strains,
Nor hunter find my tomb on th' heathy plains.

Let me, O heroes, take my spear and shield
And join the fight on Inisthona's field:
That distant field, where I shall fall alone,
My early fate to anxious friends unknown.
Some strange bard there, perchance, may learn my name
And give it unto song and lasting fame;
The stranger's daughter shall my tomb adorn,
And o'er the youth that came from far will mourn;
The bard shall sing to the gay festive band,
The song of Oscar from the distant land."

A. G.

NEW-YORK, Feb. 26, 1831.

COURT MUMMERY. We learn from the New-Bedford Gazette, that two lads having been arrested on the accusation of forging a bank check, and ordered to recognize in the sum of $500, bail was refused of a quaker, because he would not take off his hat! "O most learned judge!"

OLD BUILDINGS. A gentleman riding out in the vicinity of Dublin, saw some old buildings, for which he could not imagine a use; a little girl was passing; "Well my dear, said he, "are those houses for a school?" "O no, sir, they are a manufactory." "O, for a manufactory; and what do they make there?" "Nothing, sir."

Passages from the Diary of a late Physician.

THE TURNED HEAD.

Hypochondriasis, Janus-like, has two faces—a melancholy and a laughable one. The former, though oftener seen in actual life, does not present itself so frequently to the notice of the medical practitioner as the latter; though, in point of fact, one as imperatively calls for his inference as as the other. It may be safely asserted, that a permanently morbid mood of mind invariably indicates a disordered state of some part or other of the physical system; and which of the two forms of hypochondria will manifest itself in a particular case, depends altogether upon the mental idiosyncrasy of the patient. Those of a dull phlegmatic temperament, unstirred by intermixture and collision with the bustling activities of life, addicted to sombrous trains of reflection, and, by a kind of sympathy always looking on the gloomy side of things, generally sink, at some period or other of their lives, into the "slough of despond," as Bunyan significantly terms it, from thence they are seldom altogether extricated. Religious enthusiasts constitute by far the largest portion of those afflicted with this species of hypochondria—instance the wretched Cowper; and such I have never known entirely disabused of these dreadful fantasies. Those, again, of a gay and lively fancy, ardent temperament and droll, grotesque appetencies, exhibit the laughable aspect of hypochondriasis. In such you may expect conceits of the most astounding absurdity that could possibly take possession of the topsey-turvied intellects of a confirmed lunatic; and persisted in with a pertinacity—a dogged defiance of evidence to the contrary—which is itself as exquisitely ludicrous, as distressing and provoking. There is generally preserved an amazing *consistency* in the delusion, in spite of the incipient rebuttals of sensation. In short, when once a crotchet, of such a sort as that hereafter mentioned, is fairly entertained in the fancy, the patient *will* not let it go! It is cases of this kind which baffle the adroitest medical tactician. For my own part, I have had to deal with several during the course of my practice, which, if faithfully described on paper, would appear preposterously incredible to a non-professional reader. Such may possibly be the fate of the following. I have given it with a minuteness of detail, in several parts, which I think is warranted, by the interesting nature of the case, by the rarity of such narratives—and, above all, by the peculiar character and talents of the well-known individual who is the patient; and I am convinced that no one would laugh more heartily over it than he himself—had he not long laid quiet in his grave!

You could scarcely look on N—— without laughing. There was a sorry sort of humorous expression in his odd and ugly features, which suggested to you the idea that he was always struggling to repel some joyous emotion or other, with painful effort. There was the rich light of intellect in his eye, which was dark and full—you *felt* when its glance was settled upon you; and there it remained concentrated, at the expense of all the other features;—a the clumsy osseous ridge of eyebone impending sullenly over his eyes—the Pitt-like nose, looking like a finger and thumb full of dough drawn out from the plastic mass, with two ill-formed holes inserted in the bulbous extremity—and his large liquorish, shapeless lips—looked altogether any thing but refined or intellectual. He was a man of fortune—an obstinate bachelor—and was educated at Cambridge, where he attained considerable distinction; and at the period of his introduction to the reader, was in his thirty-eighth or fortieth year. If I were to mention his name, it would recall to the literary reader many excellent and some admirable portions of literature, for the perusal of which he has to thank N——. The prevailing complexion of his mind was sombrous—but played on, occasionally, by an arch-humorous fancy, flinging its rays of fun or drollery over the dark surface like moon-beams on midnight waters. I do believe he considered it sinful to smile! There was a puckering up of the corners of the mouth, and a forced corrugation of the eye-brows—the expression of which is set at nought by the conviviality—the solemn drollery of the eyes. You saw Momus leering out of every glance of them!—He said many very witty things in conversation, and had a knack of uttering the quaintest conceits with something like a whine of compunction in his tone, which ensured him roars of laughter. As for his own laugh—when he did laugh—there is no describing it—short, sudden, unexpected—it was like a flash of powder in the dark. Not a trace of real merriment lingered on his features an instant after the noise had ceased. You began to doubt whether he had laughed at all, and to look about to see where the explosion came from. Except on such rare occasions of forgetfulness on his part, his demeanor was very calm and quiet. He loved to get a man who would come and sit with him all the evening, smoking, and sipping wine in cloudy silence. He could not endure bustle or obstreperousness—and when he did unfortunately fall foul of a son of noise, as soon as he had had "a sample of his quality," he would abruptly rise and take his leave, saying in a querelous tone like that of a sick child, "I'll go!" [probably these two words will at once recall him to the memory of more than one of my readers]—and he was as good as his word; for all his acquaintances—and I among the number—knew his eccentricities, and excused them.

Such was the man—at least as to the more prominent points of his character—whose chattering black servant presented himself hastily to my notice one morning as I was standing on my door steps, pondering the probabilities of wet or fine for the day. He spoke in such a spluttering tone of trepidation, that it was some time before I could conjecture what was the matter. At length I distinguished something like the words, "Oh, Docta, Docta, Docta, come-a and see-a Massa! Come-a! Him so gashly—him so ill."

"Ah! he's gone mad, you mean, eh—is that it? Hem! Mad—is it so?" said I, pointing, with a wink to my forehead. "No, no, Docta, him head turned—him head," replied Nambo; and raising both his hands to his head, he seemed trying to twist it round. I could make nothing of his gesticulations, so I dismissed him, telling him to take word, that I should make his master's my first call. I may as well say that I was on friendly terms with Mr. N——, and puzzled myself all the way I went with attempting to conjecture what new crotchet he had taken into his odd, and latterly I began to suspect, half addled, head. He had never disclosed symptoms of what is generally understood by the word hypochondriasis; but I often thought there was not a likelier subject in the world for it. At length, I found myself knocking at my friend's door, fully prepared for some specimen of amusing eccentricity—for the thought now crossed my mind that he might be really ill. Nambo instantly answered my summons, and in a twinkling conducted me to his master's bedroom. It was partially darkened, but there was light enough for me to discern that there was nothing unusual in his appearance. The bed was much tossed to be sure, as if, with the restlessnes of the recumbent, who lay on his back with his head turned on one side, and buried deep in the pillow, and his arms folded together outside the counterpane. His features certainly wore an air of exhaustion and dejection, and his eye settled on me with an alarmed expression from the moment that he perceived my entrance.

"Oh, dear doctor!—Isn't this frightful!—Isn't it a dreadful piece of business?"

"Frightful!—dreadful business!" I repeated with much surprise. "What is frightful?" Are you ill—have you had an accident, eh?"

"Ah—ah!—you may well ask that!" he replied; adding, after a pause, "it took place this morning, about two hours ago."

"You speak in parables, Mr. N——! Why, what in the world is the matter with you?"

"About two hours ago—yes," he muttered, as if he had not heard me. "Doctor, do tell me truly, now, for the curiosity of the thing, what did you think of me on first entering the room?—Eh?—Feel inclined to laugh or be shocked—which?"

"Mr. N——, I really have no time for trifling, as I am particularly busy to-day. Do, I beg, be a little more explicit! Why have you sent for me?—What is the matter with you?"

"Why, God bless me, Doctor!" he replied with an air of angry surprise in his manner, which I never saw before. "I think, indeed, it's you who are trifling! Have you lost your eyesight this morning? Do you pretend to say you do not see that I have undergone one of the most extraordinary alterations in appearance that the body of man is capable of—such as never was heard or read of before?"

"Once more, Mr. N——," I repeated in a tone of calm astonishment, "be so good as to be explicit. What are you raving about?"

"Raving!—Egad, I think it's you are raving, doctor!" he answered, "or you must wish to insult me! Do you pretend to tell me you do not see that *my head is turned!*"—and he looked me in the face steadily and sternly.

"Ha—ha—ha!—Upon my honor, N——, I've been suspecting as much for this last five or ten minutes! I don't think a patient ever described his disease more accurately before!"

"Don't mock me, Doctor ——," replied N——, sternly, "By G—, I can't bear it! It's enough for me to endure the horrid sensations I do!"

"Mr. N——, what do you"——

"Why d—n, Doctor ——! you will drive me mad! Can't you see that the back of my head is in front, and my face looking backwards? Horrible!" I burst out into a loud laughter.

"Doctor ——, it's time for you and me to part—high time," said he, turning his face away from me. "I'll let you know that I'll stand your nonsense no longer. I called you in to give me your advice, not to sit grinning like a baboon by my bedside. Once more—finally: Doctor ——, are you disposed to be serious and rational? If you are not, my man shall show you to the door the moment you please." He said this in such a sober, earnest tone of indignation, that I saw he was fully prepared to carry his threat into execution. I determined, therefore, to humor him a little, shrewdly suspecting some temporary suspension of his sanity—not exactly madness—but at least, some extraordinary hallucination. To adopt an expression which I have several times heard him use—"I saw what o'clock it was, and set my watch to the time."

"Oh—well!—I see how matters stand.—The fact is, I did observe the extraordinary posture of affairs you complain of—immediately I entered the room—but supposed you were joking with me, and twisting your head round in that odd way for the purpose of hoaxing me; so I resolved to wait and see which of us could play our parts in the farce longest!—Why, good God, how is all this, Mr. N——?—Is it then really the case? Are you in—in—in earnest, in having your head turned?" "In earnest, doctor!" replied Mr. N——, in amazement. "Why, do you suppose that this happened by my own will and agency? Absurd!" "Oh, no, no—most assuredly not—it is a phenomenon—hem! hem!—a phenomenon—not unfrequently attending on the nightmare," I answered with as good a grace as possible.

"Pho, pho, doctor—Nonsense. You must really think me a child, to try to mislead me with such stuff as that! I tell you again, I am in as sober possession of my senses as ever I was in my life; and once more, I assure you, that, in truth and reality, my head is turned, literally so."

"Well, well!—So I see! It is, indeed, a very extraordinary case—a very unusual one; but I don't by any means despair of bringing all things round again! Pray tell me how this singular and afflicting accident happened to you?"

"Certainly," said he despondingly. "Last night or rather this morning, I dreamed that I had got to the West Indies—to Barbadoes, an island where I have, as you know, a little estate left me by my uncle C——; and that, a few moments after I had entered the plantation for the purpose of seeing the slaves at work, there came a sudden hurricane, a more tremendous one than ever was known in those parts; trees, canes, huts, all were swept before it! Even the very ground on which we stood seemed whirled away beneath us! I turned my head a moment to look at the direction in which things were going, when, in the very act of turning, the blast suddenly caught my head, and, oh, my God! blew it completely round on my shoulders, till my face looked quite—directly behind me—over my back! In vain did I almost wrench my head off my shoulders, in attempting to twist it round again—and what with horror, and—and—altogether—in short, I awoke, and found the frightful reality of my situation! Oh, gracious heaven!" continued Mr. N., clasping his hands, and looking upwards, "what have I done to deserve such a horrible visitation as this?"

Hemph! it is quite clear what is the matter *here*, thought I; so assuming an air of becoming professional gravity, I felt his pulse, begged him to let me see his tongue, made many inquiries about his general health, and then proceeded to subject all parts of his neck to a most rigorous examination; before, behind, on each side, over every natural elevation and depression, if such the usual varieties of surface may be termed, did my finger pass; he, all the while sighing, and cursing his evil stars, and wondering how it was that he had not been killed by the "dislocation?" This little farce over I continued silent for some moments, scarcely able the while to controul my inclination to burst into fits of laughter, as if pondering the possibility of being able to devise some means of cure.

"Ah—thank God—I have it—I have it"——

"What!—what—eh?—what is it?"

"I've thought of a remedy, which, if—if—if any thing in the world can bring it about, will set matters right again—will bring back your head to its former position."

"Oh, God be praised!—Dear, dear Doctor!—if you do but succeed, I shall consider a thousand pounds but the earnest of what I will do to evince my gratitude!" he exclaimed, squeezing my hand fervently.

"But I am not absolutely certain we shall succeed," said I cautiously. "We will, however, give the medicine a twenty-four hours trial; during all which time you must be in perfect repose, and consent to lie in utter darkness. Will you abide my directions?"

"Oh, yes—yes—yes! dear doctor!—What is the inestimable remedy? Tell me the name of my ransomer. I'll never divulge it—never."

"That is not consistent with my plans at present, Mr. N——," I replied seriously, "but if successful, of which I own I have the strongest expectations—I pledge my honor to reveal the secret to you."

"Well—but—at least you'll explain the nature of its operation—eh? Is it internal—external—what?"

The remedy, I told him would be of both forms; the latter, however, more immediate agent of his recovery; the former, preparatory, pre-disposing. I may tell the reader simply what my physic was to be—three *bread pills* (the ordinary *placebo* in such cases) every hour; a strong laudanum draught in the evening; and a huge bread-and-water poultice for his neck, with which it was to be environed, till the parts were sufficiently *mollified* to admit of the neck's being twisted back again into its former position; and when that was the case—why—to ensure its permanency, he was to wear a broad band of strengthening plaster for a week? This was the bright device struck out by me—all at a heat; and, explained to the poor victim with the utmost solemnity and deliberation of manner—all the wise winks and knowing nods, and hesitating "hems!" and "has" of professional usage—sufficed to inspire him with some confidence as to the results. I confess I shared the most confident expectations of success. A sound night's rest; hourly pill-taking—and the clammy saturating sensation round about his neck, I fully believed would bring him round: and in the full anticipation of seeing him disabused of the ridiculous notion he had taken it into his head, I promised to see him the first thing in the morning, and took my departure. After quitting the house, I could not help laughing immoderately at the recollection of the scene I had just witnessed; and Mrs. M——, who happened to be passing on the other side of the street, and observed my involuntary risibility, took occasion to spread an ill-natured rumor, that I was in the habit of making myself merry at the expense of my patients!"—I foresaw, that should this "crick in the neck" prove permanent, I stood a chance of listening to innumerable conceits of the most whimsical and paradoxical kind imaginable—for I knew N.'s natural turn to humor. It was inconceivable to me how such an extraordinary delusion could hear the blush of day-light, resist the evidences of his senses, and the unanimous simultaneous assurances of all who beheld him. Though it is little credit to me, and tells but small things for my self-control, I cannot help acknowledging, that at the bedside of my next patient, who was within two or three hours of her end, the surpassing absurdity of the "turned head" notions glared in such ridiculous extremes before me, that I was nearly bursting a blood-vessel with endeavors to suppress a perfect peal of laughter!

About eleven o'clock the next morning, I paid N—— a second visit. The door was opened as usual by his black servant, Nambo; by whose demeanor I saw that something or other extraordinary awaited me. His sable swollen features, and dancing white eye-balls, showed that he was nearly bursting with laughter. "He—he—he!" he chuckled in a sort of *sotto voce*, "him master head turned!—him back in front!—him waddle!—he, he, he!" and he twitched his clothes, jerking his jacket, and pointing to his breeches in a way that I did not understand. On entering the room where N——, with one of his favorite silent smoking friends, (M——, the late well known counsel,) were sitting at breakfast, that I encountered a spectacle that nearly made me expire with laughter. It is almost useless to attempt describing it on paper, yet I will try. Two gentlemen sat opposite each other at the breakfast table, by the fire; the one with his face toward me was Mr. M——, and N—— sat with his back towards the door by which I entered.

A glance at the former sufficed to show

me, that he was sitting in tortures of suppressed risibility. He was quite red in the face—his features were swelled and puffy, and his eyes fixed strainingly on the fire, as though in fear of encountering the ludicrous figure of his friend. They were averted from the fire, for a moment, to welcome my entrance, and then re-directed thither with such a painful effort, such a comical air of compulsory seriousness, as, added to the preposterous fashion after which poor N——— had chosen to dress himself, completely overcame me. The thing was irresistible; and my utterance of that peculiar choking sound, which indicates the most strenuous efforts to suppress one's risible emotions, was the unwitting signal for each of us bursting into a long and loud shout of laughter. It was in vain that I bit my under lip almost till it brought blood, and that my eyes strained till the sparks flashed from them, in the vain attempt to cease laughing; in full before me sate the exciting cause of it, in the shape of N——, his head supported by the palm of his left hand, with his elbow propped against the side of the arm-chair. The knot of his neck-kerchief was tied with his customary formal precision, back at the nape of his neck; his coat and waistcoat were buttoned down his back;—and his trowsers, moreover to match the novel fashion, buttoned behind, and, of course, the hinder parts of them bulged out ridiculously in front!—Only to look at the coat collar fitting under the chin like a stiff military stock, the four tail buttons of brass glistening conspicuously before, and the front parts of the coat buttoned carefully over his back, the compulsory handwork of poor Nambo!

N——, perfectly astounded at our successive shouts of laughter, for we found it impossible to stop, suddenly rose up in his chair, and almost inarticulate with fury, demanded what we meant by such extraordinary behaviour. This fury, however, was all lost on me! I could only point in an ectacy of laughter, almost bordering on frenzy, to his novel mode of dress, as my apology. He stamped his foot, uttered volleys of imprecations against us, and then ringing his bell, ordered his servant to show us both to the door. The most violent emotions, however, must in time expend their violence, though in the presence of the same exciting cause; and so it was with Mr. M.——and myself. On seeing how seriously affronted N——was, we both sat down, and I entered into an examination, my whole frame aching with the prolonged convulsive fits of irrepressible laughter.

It would be in vain to attempt a recital of one of the drolest conversations in which I ever bore part. N———'s temper was thoroughly soured for some time. He declared that my physic was all a humbug, and a piece of quackery; and the "d—d pudding round his neck," the absurdest farce he ever heard of; he had a great mind to make Nambo eat it, for the pains he had taken in making it and fastening it on—poor fellow!

Presently he lapsed into a melancholy reflective mood. He protested that the laws of locomotion were utterly inexplicable to him—a practical paradox; that his volitions as to progressive and retrogressive motion neutralized each other; and the necessary result was, a cursed circumgyratery motion—for all the world like that of a hen that had lost one of its wings! That henceforward he should be compelled to crawl, crab-like, through life, all ways at once, and none in particular. He could not conceive, he said, which was the nearest way from one given point to another; in short, that all the sensations and perceptions were disordered and confounded. His situation, he said, was an admirable commentary on the words of St. Paul—"But I see another law in my members warring against the law of my mind." He could not conceive how the arteries and veins of the neck could carry and return the blood, after being so shockingly twisted—or, "how the windpipe went in," affording a free course to the air through its distorted passage. In short, he said, he was a walking lie! Curious to ascertain the consistency of his anomalous state of feeling, I endeavored once more to bring his delusion to the test of simple sensation, by placing one hand on his nose, and the other on his breast, and asking him which was which, and whether both did not lie in the same direction; he wished to know why I persisted in making myself merry at his expense. I repeated the question; still keeping my hards in the same position; but he suddenly pushed them off, and asked me with indignation, if I was not ashamed to keep his head looking over his shoulder in that way—accompanying the words with a shake of the head, and a sigh of exhaustion, as if it had already been twisted round into the wrong direction.

Come, come, N——, don't look so steadily on the dark side of things," said I.

"The dark side of things?" he inquired—"I think it is the back-side of things I am compelled to look at!"

"Look forward to better days," said I.

"Look forward again! What nonsense!" he replied, interrupting me; "impossible!—How can I look forward! My life will henceforth be spent in wretched retrospectives!" and he could not help smiling at the conceit.—Having occasion during the conversation to use his pocket handkerchief he suddenly reached his hand behind, as usual, and was a little confused to find that the usual position of his coat-pocket required that he should take it from before. Tels I should have conceived enough to put an end to this delusion, but I was mistaken.

"Ah! it will take some time to reconcile me to this new order of things—but practice—practice you know!" It was amazing to me, that his sensations, so contradictory to the absurd crotchet he had taken into his head did not convince him of his error, especially when so frequently compelled to act in obedience to long accustomed impulses. As, for instance, on my rising to go, he suddenly started from his chair, shook my hands, and accompanied me to the door as if nothing had been the matter.

"Well now! what do you think of that?" said I, triumphantly.

"Ah—ah!" said he, after a puzzled pause, "but you little know the effort it cost me!"

He did not persevere long in the absurd way of putting on his clothes which I have just described; but even after he had discontinued it, he alledged his opinions to be, that the front of his clothes ought to be with his face! I might relate many similar fooleries springing from this notion of his turned head, but sufficient has been said already to give the reader a clear idea of the general character of such delusions. My subsequent interviews with him, while under the unprecedented hallucination, were similar to the two which I have attempted to describe. The fit lasted near a month. I happened luckily to recollect a device successfully resorted to by a sagacious old English physician, in the case of a royal hypocondriac abroad, who fancied that his nose had swelled into greater dimensions than those of his whole body beside; and forthwith resolved to adopt a similar method of cure with N——. Electricity was to be the wonder-working talisman! I lectured him out of all opposition, silenced his scruples, and got him to fix an evening for the exorcisation of the evil spirit—as it might well be called—which had taken possession of him. Let the reader fancy, then, N——'s sitting-room, about seven o'clock in the evening, illuminated with a cheerful fire, and four mould candles;—the awful electrifying machine duly disposed for action; Mr S—— of ——Hospital, Dr.——, and myself, all standing round it, adjusting the jars, chains, &c.; and Nambo busily engaged laying bare his masters neck, N—— all the while eyeing our motions with excessive trepidation. I had infinite difficulty in getting his consent to one preliminary—the bandaging of his eyes. I succeeded, however, at last, in persuading him to undergo the operation blindfolded, in assuring him that it was essential to success; for that if he was allowed to see the applicat on of the conductor to the precise spot requisite, he might start, and occasion its apposition to a wrong place! The real reason will be seen presently; the great manœuvre could not have been practised but on such terms; for how could I give his head a sudden twist round at the instant of his receiving the shock, if he saw what I was about? I ought to have mentioned that we also prevailed upon him to sit with his arms pinioned, so that he was completely at our mercy. None of us could refrain from an occasional titter at the absurdity of the solemn farce we were playing—fortunately, however, unheard by N——. At length, Nambo being turned out, and the doors locked, lest, seeing the trick, he might disclose it subsequently to his master, we commenced operations. S—— worked the machine—round, and round, and round, whizzing—sparkling—crackling—till the jar was moderately charged: it was then conveyed to N——'s neck, Dr.——— using the conductor. N——, on receiving a tolerably smart shock, started out of his chair, and I had not time to give him the twist I had intended. After a few moments however, he protested that he felt "something loosened" about his neck, and was easily induced to submit to another shock considerably stronger than the former. The instant the rod was applied to his neck, I gave the head a sudden excruciating wrench towards the left shoulder, S—— striking him, at the same moment, a smart blow on the crown. Poor N——! —"Thank God!" we all exclaimed, as if panting for breath. "I—i—s it all over?" stammered N——— faintly—quite confounded with the effects of the three-fold remedy we had adopted.

"Yes—thank God, we have at last brought your head round again, and your face looks forward as heretofore!" said I.

"O, remove the bandage—remove it! Let my own eyes behold it!—bring me a glass!"

"As soon as the proper bandages have been applied to your neck, Mr. N——."

"What, eh, a second pudding, eh?"

"No merely a broad band or dyachlym plaster to prevent, hem, the contraction of the skin," said I. As soon as that was done, we removed the handkerchiefs from his eyes and arms.

"Oh, my God how delightful!" he exclaimed, rising and walking up to the mirror over the mantel piece. "Ecstacy! All really right again"—

"My dear N——, do not, I beg; do not work your neck about in that way, or the most serious disarrangement of the, the parts," said I.

"Oh, it's so, is it? Then I'd better get into bed at once, I think, and you'll call in the morning."

I did, and found him in bed. "Well, how does all go this morning?" I inquired.

"Pretty well middling," he replied with some embarrassment of manner. "Do you know doctor I've been thinking about it all night long, and I strongly suspect." His serious air alarmed me, I began to fear that he had discovered the trick. "I strongly suspect, hem, hem," he continued.

"What," I enquired rather sheepishly.

"Why, that it was my brains only that were turned, and, that, that, most ridiculous piece of business"—

"Why, to be sure, Mr. N——', * * * and he was so ashamed about it, that he set off for the country immediately, and among the glens and mountains of Scotland, endeavoured to forget that ever he dreamed that HIS HEAD WAS TURNED.

ANECDOTES OF WOMEN.

By the Author of American Anecdotes.

THE MAID OF MOSCOW.

When Moscow was destroyed, and the French soldiers were eagerly searching every part of a ruined church, they perceived at the end of a dark gallery, a lamp, the light of which fell on a small altar. They immediately proceeded towards it, and the first object which presented itself to their notice, was a young female, elegantly dressed, and in the attitude of devotion. At the noise of the soldiers, the unhappy girl screamed violently, and fell into a swoon. In that situation she was carried before a French general. Her countenance, in which grief and dispair were equally legible, was irresistibly interesting. As her recollection returned, she seemed to depricate the care which was employed in recalling her to life. The general begged her to relate her misfortunes.

"Oh what use," said she, "would it be to mention to you the wealth of a house which will soon be annihilated. Suffice it, that the name of my father is celebrated in the history of our empire, and that he is now serving with distinction in the army which is gloriously fighting in the defence of our country. My name is Paulowna. On the day preceding your entrance into Moscow, I was to have been united to one of the young warriors who had distinguished himself at the battle of Majusk. But in the midst of the nuptial solemnities, my father was informed that the French were at the gates of the city; and suspending our marriage, and taking my husband with him, they hastened to join the army. As I sat with my afflicted family on the following morning, we heard the roar of the cannon; the noise evidently approached, and we no longer doubted that we must quit Moscow. We immediately fled; but when we arrived near the Kremlin, an immense crowd met us, and rushing hastily by, parted me from my mother and sisters. I endeavored to recal them by my cries. The noise of arms and the shouts of an infuriated populace, overpowered my feeble voice, and in an instant I was rendered truly miserable. The French meanwhile, penetrated into the town, and driving all before them, advanced towards the Kremlin. To find a shelter from their excesses, I with many others, ran into the citadel, which was considered a place of security. As I could not mix with the combatants, I retired to the church of St. Michael, seeking refuge amongst the graves of the Czars. Kneeling near their sepulchres, I invoked the names of those illustrious founders of our country, when on a sudden, some brutal soldiers broke in upon my retreat and dragged me from an inviolable and sacred asylum. When the unhappy girl had finished her history, she shed a torrent of tears, and throwing herself at the general's feet, implored him to respect her virtue, and restore her to her relations. The general pretending to pity her misfortunes, pledged himself to relieve them. He offered her his house as a protection; promised to use his utmost endeavors to discover her father, and her distressed mother; but this apparent generosity was only a snare to deceive the innocent Paulowna, who feel a victim to his treachery.

LADY INGILBY.

After the battle of Marston Moor, Cromwell returning from the pursuit of a party of the royalists, proposedto stop at Ripley, the seat of Sir William Ingilby; and having an officer in his troop a relation of Sir William, he sent him to announce his arrival. The officer was informed by the porter at the gate, that Sir William was absent, but that he might send any message he pleased to his lady. Having sent in his name, and obtained an audience, he was answered by the lady, that no such person should be admitted there; adding that she had force sufficient to defend herself and her house against all rebels. The officer, on his part, represented the extreme folly of making any resistence, and that the safest way would be to admit the general peaceably. After much persuasion, the lady took the advice of her kinsman, and received Cromwell at the gate of the lodge, with a pair of pistols stuck in her apron strings; and having told him, she expected that neither he nor his soldiers would behave improperly, led the way to the hall; where, sitting each on a sofa, these two extraordinary personages, equally jealous of each other's intentions, passed the whole night. At his departure in the morning, the lady observed, "It was well he had behaved in so peaceable a manner; for that had it been otherwise, he would not have left that house with his life."

ARABELLA STUART.

And is not love in vain
Torture enough without a living tomb?

Byron.

"The Lady Arabella," as she has been frequently entitled, was descended from Margaret, eldest daughter of Henry VII. and consequently allied by birth to Elizabeth, as well as James I. This affinity to the throne proved the misfortune of her life, as the jealousies which it constantly excited in her royal relatives, who were anxious to prevent her marrying, shut her out from the enjoyment of that domestic happiness which her heart appears to have so fervently desired. By a secret, but early discovered union with William Seymour, son of Lord Beauchamp, she alarmed the cabinet of James, and the wedded lovers were immediately placed in separate confinement. From this they found means to concert a romantic plan of escape; and having won over a female attendant, by whose assistance she was disguised in male attire, Arabella, though faint from recent sickness and suffering, stole out in the night, and at last reached an appointed spot, where a boat and servants were in waiting. She embarked; and, at break of day, a French vessel, engaged to receive her, was discovered and gained. As Seymour, however, had not yet arrived, she was desirous that the vessel should lie at anchor for him; but this wish was overruled by her companions, who, contrary to her entreaties, hoisted sail, "which," says D'Israeli, "occasioned so fatal a termination to this romantic adventure. Seymour, indeed, had escaped from the tower;—he reached the wharf, and found his confidential man waiting with a boat, and arrived at Lee. The time passed; the waves were rising; Arabella was not there; but in the distance he descried a vessel. Hiring a fisherman to take him on board, he discovered, to his grief, on hailing it, that it was not the French ship charged with his Arabella; in despair and confusion he found another ship from Newcastle, which, for a large sum, altered its course, and landed him in Flanders." Arabella, meantime, while imploring her attendants to linger, and earnestly looking out for the expected boat of her husband, was overtaken in Calais Roads by a vessel in the King's service, and brought back to a captivity, under the suffering of which her mind and constitution gradually sank.

"What passed in that dreadful imprisonment, cannot perhaps be ascertained from authentic history—but enough is known; that she finally lost her reason, and, if the duration of her imprisonment was short, that was only terminated by her death. Some effusions, often begun and never ended, written and erased, incoherent and rational, yet remain among her papers."

Benevolence of George IV. Nearly forty years ago, his late majesty, then Prince of Wales, was so exceedingly urgent to have 800*l.* at an hour on such a day, and in so unusual a manner, that the gentleman who furnished the supply had some curiosity to know for what purpose it was obtained. On inquiry, he was informed, that the moment the money arrived the Prince drew on a pair of boots, pulled off his coat and waistcoat, slipped on a plain morning frock without a star, and turning his hair to the crown of his head, put on a slouched hat, and thus walked out. This intelligence raised still greater curiosity, and with some trouble the gentleman discovered the object of the Prince's mysterious visit. An officer of the army had just arrived from America with a wife and six children, in such low circumstances, that to satisfy some clamorous creditor he was on the point of selling his commission, to the utter ruin of his family. The Prince by accident overhoard an account of the case. To prevent a worthy soldier suffering, he procured the money; and that no mistake might happen, carried it himself. On asking at an obscure lodging house in a court near Covent Garden for the lodger, he was shown up to his room, and there found the family in the utmost distress. Shocked at the sight, he not only presented the money, but told the officer to apply to Colonel Lake, living in —— street, and give some account of himself in future; saying which, he departed, without the family knowing to whom they were obliged. English paper.

Firm faith and true honesty are not to be forced by necessity, nor corrupted by reward.

A man that does the best he can do, does all that he should do.

Nothing is more disgusttng than self praise, and contempt for the opinions of others.

THE CONSTELLATION.

EDITED BY A. GREENE.

NEW-YORK, MARCH 5, 1831.

STAGE-COACH RECOLLECTIONS.

Mr. Editor—Were you ever crowded into a stage-coach, along with fourteen passengers, and fifteen band-boxes? I dare say you have been. But no matter. Such a situation is not the most comfortable in the world; but it is certainly one of the most sociable. Being in such close quarters, you are obliged to converse whether you will or no; and in proportion as your limbs are shortened and your body contracted, your tongue is apt to be lengthened and your jaws distended.

I was last summer on a journey into the country, and the stage-coach was filled nearly to bursting. There was as great a diversity of character as could well be mingled together in the same space. But among those, who particularly attracted my attention, was a young married gentleman, a merchant of this city, accompanied by an infant child in the lap of a Scotch nurse; an inquisitive, country-looking man; a city belle, utterly made up of nerves and notions; and a lawyer, going to court, with his green satchel full of writs and his head full of wrangles.

The Scotch woman peered at the lawyer, as nae gude; the countryman was curious to know the names, residence and condition of each of his fellow passengers; the merchant was disposed to draw in his head and escape, if possible, the inquisition of the countryman; the city belle was abundantly employed in regulating her nerves and railing at the horrid country; while the lawyer was looking out for a case, or casting about for a precedent.

But the countryman had particularly fastened his eye on the merchant, who, from certain circumstances, he suspected had come over the water.—"I take it" said he "you're a furriner."

"Eh—heh!" muttered the young gentleman.

"I take it, I say," repeated the inquisitive, "that you're a furriner."

"Eh—heh!" again muttered the other.

"I presume," said the countryman, "to be so bold as to ask if you're not a furriner."

"You presume!" at last exclaimed the young gentleman; "what business have you to presume any thing about it?"

"There!" said the inquisitive, "I'm sure you're a furriner, or thelse you would'nt ax that question. Presume, do you say! Why, Mister, this is a free country, and every man has a right to presume jist what he pleases. There's no bar to presumptions here. What say you, Mr. Lawyer, an't I right?,

"How do you know I'm a lawyer?" asked the man of cases and precedents.

"How do I know!" said the countryman; "why the hawk is known by the barn-door fowls as far as they can see him. Even this little chicken," pointing to the infant, "that is scarcely out of its shell, knows you're a lawyer and tries to hide under its mother's wing."

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed the lawyer, out of the wrong side of his mouth; "you're keen, my good friend."

"I know a thing or two, if I could only think of it," returned the countryman. "Now Mister," continued he, turning to the merchant, "are you a natyve of England, or Ireland, or Ova-Scotia, or what part of the old countries?"

"I'm a native of this country," said the other sullenly, "since you must know; and never was in England or Ireland or any of the old countries."

"Do you pretend to say that on your affidavy?" said the countryman with a dubious air. "Here's your wife now," glancing at the nurse, "is an Irish woman."

"My wife!" ejaculated the young gentleman, fiercely.

"An Irish woman!" exclaimed the nurse, in a tone of national pique.

"Oh! how you frighten me," said the city belle, "you're so violent and savage." And she had recourse to her smelling bottle.

"This woman is not my wife," resumed the young man.

"And I'm no an Irish woman, I would'nt hae ye think," said the nurse; "but I was born and brought up in auld Scotland. There's no a drap o' Irish blood in me."

"O for the matter of that," said the countryman carelessly, "it's all the same in Dutch, whether you call yourself Irish or Scotch—Scotch or Irish. "But," turning to the merchant, "if this woman is not your wife, Mister, whose wife is she, if I may take the liberty to ax?"

"And if I should take the liberty to throw you out of the carriage," said the young man, with a significant motion, "what would you say to that?"

"Why, I d'n know," returned the inquisitive coolly; "suppose you should jist try it?"

"Auch! don't ye fight noo," entreated the nurse, "you frighten the puir little bairn. See how he lifts his wee pretty hands to his papa."

"Wah! wah! wah!" said the terrified child."

"Oh! don't come to blows, I implore you, gentlemen," said the nervous lady, "I declare I shall go into a faint if you do. I wish, Mr. Capias, you'd take the law on 'em. Do, now, that's a good man."

"There's no chance yet," replied the lawyer, who began to rub his hands at the thought of a fee; "there's no overt act yet."

"Oh! this horrid country travelling!" exclaimed the belle. "It's enough to tear one's nerves all to pieces. I wish to gracious I'd never left the city."

"Well now," resumed the countryman, who seemed determined to sift the mystery of the young gentleman, the Scotch woman and the child.—"Well now, Mister, if this woman isn't your wife, how comes the child to be yourn, if I may be so bold?"

"Because I'm it's father, if you must know," replied the other in short terms.

"It's a wise father that knows his own child, as the saying is," rejoined the countryman. "But how do you happen to be its father, without its mother being your wife, if I may be so bold?"

"Its mother is my wife," replied the young man, who found there was no use in trying to escape the persecutions of the inquisitive.

"What a double-and-twisted liar you are!" exclaimed the countryman, opening his eyes wider than ever.

"A liar!" fiercely ejaculated the merchant

"Softly, softly, Mister," said the countryman. Didn't you jist now tell me she wasn't your wife?"

"Bravo! bravo!" said the lawyer, here's a close examination.

"I know what's what," said the countryman, with a knowing wink; "I wasn't selected by the unanimous vote of an overwhelming minority, poor-overseer, last town meeting, for nothing. Now, Mister," continued he, triumphantly turning to the merchant, "I've got you into a bit of a snarl. A little while ago you said this Irish woman"——

"Scotch, gin ye please," interrupted the nurse.

"Well, Scotch or Irish, it's all the same in Dutch," said the countryman, impatiently. Then turning again to the merchant, he resumed, "a little while ago you said this Irish—Scotch-woman, I mean—was not your wife; and now, you say she is your wife. Here's a pretty snarl of testimony!"

The young gentleman, in spite of the vexations of his tormentor, could not now forbear laughing, and finally condescended to inform him that the Scotch woman was not the child's mother, but merely its nurse.

"Oho!" exclaimed the inquisitive, as the light burst in upon him—"Its nurse, is she? Well, I should'nt have thought of that. As to my wife, and all my neighbor's wives, they suckle their own brats, and no thanks to to any body. And that's the very thing that deceived me. Now I should sworn a minute ago that, that are innocent child was no better than a cumber-chance, and this Irish woman a mere"—

"Tak that, and that, and that!" said the nurse, laying her broad Scotch hand three times across the impertinent's face. "I'll teach ye how to treat an honest Scotch woman, anither time."

The child screamed with affright, the nervous lady used her best endeavors to faint, the lawyer set to calculating the fees, while the merchant and the rest of the company nearly burst their sides with laughter. The inquisitive gentleman, however, should be excepted. He muttered something between his teeth about a woman being lawless, or thelse he'd make the jade smart for it, and settling himself back in the carriage, he continued sullen and civil for the rest of the journey.

SINGULAR ILLUSIONS.

The strange illusions, with which hypochondriacs and insane persons, are oftentimes affected, are not a little amusing to the unconcerned spectator, however uncomfortable they may be to the patient himself. There are many anecdotes respecting these illusions related by medical authors, some of which we have got together in this chapter, for the amusement of our readers.

Marcus Donatus informs us that a baker of Ferara, believed he was made of butter, and on that account would not approach the oven, lest he should melt.

The same author relates, that a person by the name of Vicentinus, imagined he was of such an enormous size that he could not go through the door of his apartment. His physician gave orders that he should be forcibly led thro' it, which was done accordingly, but not without a fatal effect, for Vicentinus cried out as he was forced along, that the flesh was torn from his bones, and that his limbs were broken off, of which terrible impression he died in a few days, accusing those who conducted him of being his murderers.

Tulpius tells us, that the wife of one Solomon Galmus fancied she had been dead, but that God had sent her back to the world without a heart, for he had kept it in Heaven. On this account she was extremely unhappy, and more miserable than any of God's creatures.

Gruner relates the case of a German student of theology, by the name of Rau. Imagining himself the subject of a divine call, without waiting for holy orders, he commenced preaching. The following is the conclusion of one of his discourses: "He who believes not in witches, does not believe in the devil; he who does not believe in the devil, does not believe in God; he who believes not in God must be damned."

Hypochondriacs have sometimes imagined themselves a frail article of china, and of course have been in constant fear of being dashed to pieces, by the carelessness of servants or the forgetfulness of friends. Pope in "the cave of Spleen," thus represents these same breathing articles of brittle ware:

"Here living tea pots stand, one arm held out,
One bent; the handle this and that the spout;
A pipkin there, like Homer's tripod walks;
Here sighs a jar '—&c. &c.

To these cases, gathered from books, we will add one wherein a great aunt of ours figured as principal. ("Never spoil a story for relation's sake.") The good old lady took it into her head that her throat was growing up, and that she would soon be deprived of the power of swallowing. This would have been a fearful catastrophe, for her appetite was excellent. In order to prove that her apprehensions were well grounded, she would attempt at dinner time to get down a whole potato without chewing; when finding that so large a mouthful was disposed to stick by the way, she would exclaim, while half choking—"There! I suppose now you're convinced that my swallow is growing up! I can't even get down a single potato without absolute danger of my life." However, the old lady got over it in time, and was fully persuaded that she could swallow any thing after having admitted of the singular illusion just mentioned.

THE DEMAGOGUE'S SONG.

For Freedom.

"Doth Job serve God for nought?"

For freedom I'll bawl, and for freedom I'll write,
For freedom I'll swear, and for freedom I'll fight;
There's none that loves freedom so well as myself,
I love it (aside) for the sake of the *pelf*.

To the people I'll bow, to the people I'll kneel,
There's nought I regard like the pure public weal;
The will of the people I'll ever obey,
When that will—as it should—comes loaded with *pay*.

The tyrants I'll pull from their places on high,
Down, down with the tyrants! I'll shout and I'll cry;
From the poor people's shoulders I'll bid them begone,
And pull others off—so that I may get *on*.

Rotation in office! I'll shout and I'll bawl,
Rotation in office! through Senate and Hall,
Rotation in office! I'll constantly din,
Till I get others out—and get myself *in*.

The levelling doctrines I'll preach and I'll sing,
The levelling doctrines around me I'll fling;
Till the great ones are down, then, mark me I'll stop,
For when they're below me—Then I'll be *atop*.

But when once I'm atop I'll alter my tone,
I've then no occasion for levelling *down*,
And of levelling *up* I never could think—
The low should'nt soar—though the lofty should sink.

But let me behold that all-glorious hour,
When I shall be lifted to place and to power,
Not a word about freedom more will I say—
A truce to the matter for once and for aye.

The ins and the outs are different quite,
The out, when he's in, has become a new wight;
Though once he did nothing but bawl, sing and shout,
The *in* cant remember the words of the *out*.

Important Act. The bill for legalizing the Study of Anatomy has passed both houses of the Massachusetts Legislature. This is almost beyond expectation, for such is generally the ignorance and prejudice of legislators, that they consider it as much as their necks are worth even to look an inch beyond their noses.

Croly, and the Last War. The Rev. George Croly, with a littleness and prejudice, common to most English writers respecting this country, in his Life of George IV. calls the late war between England and this country, "a war of frigates." "America," he says, "took some of the British cruisers, ill manned and ill provided." The great battle of the 8th of January he thus despatches: "England closed her exploits by an attack on New-Orleans, which her expedition *fortunately failed to take*." And then he goes on to speak of the unhealthiness of the climate, which, had the British taken possession of the city, would have killed them by hundreds and thousands. But he says not a word about the hundreds and thousands, mowed down in the battle of New-Orleans!

New Way of Blacking Boots. An Innkeeper in Connecticut—who was prodigiously fond of a joke, and valued himself more on his gibes and geers, than his good accommodations and honest reckonings—one day, as he was sitting before his door, observed a raw looking young man from the country, whose boots were polished much beyond the general style of his appearance. Boniface thinking he would be a capital subject for sport, called to him.

"Here, young man, I wish to speak with you!"

The fellow stopped, and Boniface proceeded.

"I admire the appearance of your boots—such a beautiful jet black! I wish you'd tell me how to black mine."

"That," said the awkward looking fellow, "you can do easy enough—jist *rub them against your character*."

Cabinet Justice! It appears from the Calhoun Correspondence, that Mr. Monroe thought Gen. Jackson "might have been safely punished if he had been a young officer;" and that Mr. Adams was of opinion that, "if a subaltern had acted as Gen. Jackson did, shooting would have been too good for him." As though high rank justified a violation of the laws, while a similar violation in an officer of low degree deserved something worse than death!!!

Use of Confession. Dr. O'Flaherty, said, in a late lecture in answer to Dr. Beecher, that "it was owing to the want of the salutary curb of confession that *so many of the Calvanists could evade the laws relative to fraudulent bankruptcy*, and afterwards become elders and deacons of churches, props and pillars of tract and missionary societies, *chousing* the honest tradesman out of his hard earnings and reducing him to want and ruin."

Poland. Poland is likely to become once more a bone of contention between the mighty powers of Europe. France, the Netherlands, and Great Britain on the one side, and Russia, Prussia, and Austria on the other, may contend on the soil of this unfortunate country, as the Grecian and Trojan heroes did over the lifeless body of Patroclus. The Poles have published a declaration, full of patriotic zeal and determined resolution; while on the other hand, the Emperor Nicholas has issued his manifesto, expressing an equal determination to suppress the daring spirit of revolt.

Alas for the wretched Poles! their condition is every way unfortunate. For whether they are subject to foreign powers, or governed by their own princes, they are slaves—the great body of the people are slaves to the nobility. The peasantry are subject to hundreds of petty tyrants, who lord it over them with a severity in the inverse proportion to their extent of power. When the Poles talk of fighting for liberty, it is merely for national independence; it is not the liberty of the subject, but the liberty of the nation. If they should succeed in throwing off the yoke of their foreign tyrants, the Polish peasantry would still be slaves to the Polish nobility.

Mr. Randolph, our extraordinary minister to Russia, is again up for Congress, as appears by an announcement, made at his request, in the Richmond Inquirer. He does not expect to be present at the canvass, but intends to return by the meeting of Congress.

A Baby-Bishop. His royal highness, the late Duke of York, was elected Bishop of Osnaburgh at the age of six months and ten days!

IRELAND. Mr. O'Connell and several of his friends have been arrested in Dublin, and held to bail, on the charge of holding unlawful meetings of the people. Several proclamations have been issued by the Lord Lieutenant, each of which seems to have contained some loop-hole or some weak part through which the Irish patriot contrived to make his escape. Mr. O'Connell, however, has always in his speeches to the people inculcated entire submission to the laws, and that they should attempt nothing except through the peaceable means of petition. His grand object now is, the repeal of the Union between Ireland and Great Britain. His popularity is very great. At his late arrest he was followed through the streets of Dublin by an immense crowd, amounting, it was conjectured, to some seventy thousand persons. The public fermentation appears to have been very strong.

SETTLEMENT OF THE BOUNDARY. A London Correspondent of the Courier and Enquirer writes that the long pending boundary question between the United States and Great Britain, has at last been settled, and that his Dutch Majesty has given Uncle Sam more than six millions of acres of the best Canada lands, among which are the well settled counties of Hertford and Devon, with the main road between Quebec, New-Brunswick, Halifax, and Nova-Scotia.

CONFESSIONS OF A CAT KILLER.

I know not under what particular star I was born—that it was not the *dog* star is pretty certain, though I am not quite so sure that it was not a star in some way connected with cats. In proof of this I will give some account of my antipathy to the feline race—the miseries which in consequence I have suffered, and the summary vengeance, which, in many instances, I have inflicted upon the authors of them.

It is related that on the night of my birth, my mother was for hours agitated by the cries of a cat. Often did she request that the noise might be stilled, and as often were the servants despatched to execute her wishes. Still, however, the same distressful cries were repeated, disturbing the silence of the night and the nerves of my mother. At length I was born into the world—the cat no longer poured forth her groans, or if so they were unheeded amidst the joy and bustle that ensued on the occasion. The affair excited no further notice at the time, and it was long afterwards, when the symptoms of my idiosyncrasy were confirmed, that the story was told me of the caterwauls with which I was serenaded into existence.

While yet an infant, "meuling and puking in the nurse's arms," I had my first sufferings from an old house-cat. She was the pet of my nurse—Heaven forgive her taste!—and divided with me her attention and caresses. The old lady has since assured me, that I exhibited even at that tender age a strong dislike to the poor creature—that I was restless and discontented when we occupied her lap together, and that if when I was asleep she obtruded herself into the cradle, I would invariably start and awake, as if with instinctive agony.

But I cannot from my own recollection speak either of this period or of that which immediately succeeded it. The same respectable chronicler states that when I commenced my perigrinations on all fours, I was constantly at fisticuffs with my old enemy. The latter about this time had augmented her forces, by giving birth to a litter of six living kittens. Heretofore, on the happening of these events, the same method had been taken to destroy the young brood, as was adopted by Pharaoh to rid the land of Egypt of the new-born man-children of the Israelites. The usual edict was, however, in this instance suspended, it being suggested by my nurse that the kittens might afford me source of amusement. The nine days—would that their blindness had been longer!—were no sooner elapsed, than my new playmates were introduced into the nursery. I can almost recall to memory the misery I then suffered—I seem to behold the whole brood now stretched upon my lap, and now crawling, like snails, up my body—I can feel their sharp claws pricking my flesh like needles, and their tremulous purrings chilling—nay, almost stopping, the very blood in my veins. But nature could not long endure such violence—I wasted and pined under the experiment, till it was pronounced too dangerous to be continued, and the mill-pond received its victims.

I was now for a season happily relieved—the old cat seemed to have taken a mortal dislike to me, and seldom troubled me with her presence. I soon run up into boyhood and was regularly initiated into the glorious privilege of jacket and trowsers. My pride was indeed gratified by this change of dress, but as if I remembered my former sufferings, I declared hostilities against the whole feline species. Nothing afforded me such pleasure as to worry a cat—I verily believe there was not one in the whole village that did not receive some injury at my hands. As for kittens, there is no counting the numbers that by my means came to an untimely end. I could tell almost to a day the time when their loss was to be supplied, and would then call at the different houses and solicit the privilege of drowning their new stock. In this way I acquired the name of "the Cat Killer."

Cats now grew shy and cautious of me, and it was only by dint of great exertions that I was able to ferret out their haunts. I pursued them into the recesses of gardens, ransacked barns and out-houses, and wherever the print of a cat-paw could be traced, there I was sure to follow. I had somewhere read of one Whittington and his cat, but to me not the Lord Mayorship of London would have been an object of desire, if to obtain it, it should be required of me to spare the life of a single cat. By this exterminating system of warfare, their numbers were greatly diminished, and, like Alexander the Great, I wept that there were no more cats to be killed.

The last victory, which closed the campaign in my native village, was the drowning of the old family cat. Like a wiley politician—a Talleyrand of cats—she had managed to keep in favor not only with my nurse, but with every change of servants in the house. It was seldom I could catch a sight of the old mouser—if I did, it was only under the eyes of her protectors. One day, however, I beheld her sunning herself on the well-curb. All the night previous I had been serenaded by a concert of cats, in which I could plainly detect her voice as leader. Indeed, these meetings had of late been frequent—I had exhausted all my artillery of sticks and empty bottles, to quell them, but in vain. An opportunity now presented to destroy the ring-leader of the conspiracy—and I did not hesitate to improve it. I crept up slyly behind, stepping on the very point of my shoes and holding my breath for fear of alarming her—she shricked and fell! Her cries brought out the whole house—the bucket was instantly lowered, but, alas! for poor old Grimalkin, in descending it struck her in the head and she was drawn up a corpse. I shall never forget the upbraiding expression of her countenance—her eyes glassy and horribly protruded—hardened as I am in these scenes, I cannot to this day think of her death without some misgivings of conscience. Her form haunts me even yet in my dreams,—again and again have I seen that fatal bucket rise up before me, and have been tempted to exclaim with the poet, "Macbeth has murdered sleep!"

Shortly after this I was sent to the city, to commence a clerkship. Of all places in the civilized world, I verily believe New-York is most infested by cats. Go where you will, you see a cat—turn the corner of a street, you meet a cat—in every house is a cat—frequently a dozen, ancient Dutch cats, as ancient as the city itself. Their dead bodies strew the streets, and yet there is no apparent diminution of their numbers. The yellow fever itself seems to have had no power over them—the only inconvenience they suffer when it has prevailed, is from the want of food. From this cause, they would have perished during the last sickness, but for the charity of a black woman. Of this woman I have somewhere seen a picture, representing her surrounded by a crowd of half famished cats, among whom she is distributing pieces of meat. For this act let her receive all due encomiums—I certainly shall not say aught to detract from its merits.

But to return to my history. I had not been long in the city, before the work of destruction was again commenced. But to this, there was strong provocation. Immediately opposite my window lived Mistress Amarella Caterpiller. Women are proverbially very capricious in their affections, sometimes bestowing them upon strange objects. I once knew a lady—a very sensible, discreet lady too—who took a great fancy to a monkey. Joco was her inseparable companion—was fed from her own hand and lulled to sleep by the music of her own voice. The lady had given invitations for a large party, and on the day it was to take place, master Joco was seized with a dangerous sickness. The company assembled, but to their astonishment, found the lady of the house was not present to receive them. They waited impatiently for her appearance, but she came not. The servant was called, and a dozen voices anxiously inquired if his mistress was indisposed. "No she been't," was the answer, "but master Joco be dreffully!" Who then is master Joco, was the next inquiry. Judge of the astonishment and mortification of all present, when they learned master Joco was a monkey!

But Mistress Amarella Caterpiller placed her affections—not on a monkey—but on a cat. A cat! a Tabatha! a sleek-skinned grimalkin! these are the never failing objects of attention with your soft-sighing, sentimental, antiquated belles. These are the solace of their idle hours—the dear creatures that console them for the loss of the society of men. How I detest one of these cherished cats—these fourlegged favorites of an old maid. They are ever under foot—and if by chance their tails are trod upon, wo to the unlucky offender! his ears will smart with a sound lecture on *humanity* to cats!

Day after day, Mistress Amarella Caterpiller and her cat sat at the window aforesaid—to me a perpetual eye-sore—that is, the cat. At night, when fatigued with the drudgery of the counting-room I sought for rest—my slumbers were disturbed by the caterwauling of the cat. I could bear it no longer, for my patience was exhausted. I tried every means to silence her, but without success. As a last resort, I repaired in person to the house where lived Mistress Amarella Caterpiller and her cat. They were both "at home," and I was ushered into their presence. My errand was briefly told. "I have come," said I, "to request the loan of your cat—our house is filled with rats and we have no cat to destroy them." My request was granted—but Tabatha—poor Tabatha! from that day was missing. I have been threatened with prosecutions, both criminal and civil, unless I produce to Mistress Amarella Caterpiller her cat—I have been called by her hard-hearted, cruel, treacherous, and as the most odious epithet she she could bestow upon me I have been proclaimed a Cat Killer. D.

[For the Constellation.]

THE PEN.

Some strive to be witty
In praising the Pretty,
And many's the ditty
That's written I ken,
Not half so sincerely,
So modest or clearly,
As I shall write queerly
Concernin' the Pen.

The Pen's a logician,
A mathematician,
A mute rhetorician,
A sage, a fool;
A cunning contriver,
A wicked conniver
That breaks for a stiver
The "Golden Rule."

The Pen! it has power
To sweeten the sour,
To sooth the sad hour
And sadden the gay;
To conquer a hero,
To soften a Nero,
And shed upon zero,
A melting ray.

The sighs of the lover
It puts in a cover,
And all the world over
They silently pass;
No mortal ear hearing
Those lips so endearing,
Until they are cheering
The rightful lass.

For the Constellation.

THE LAST FAREWELL.

BY J. H. SHERBURNE, ESQ.

Alas! that silent, cold adieu,
From thee with whom my soul is twin'd
Yet still this heart will grieve for you
Who art the light of my fond mind.

Ah! what will cheer the gloomy day
That sees thee distant far from me—
Ah! what will chase the sad array
Of thoughts which always cling to thee.

Still will I, although forsaken,
And though forever doom'd to part,
Still I'll hope that time will waken
One ray of love in thy warm heart.

Oft have I caus'd that tender tear
When thou wouldst only me reprove,
Oft have I caus'd thy heart to fear
When I should make thee weep for love.

Farewell to thee—but not to love,
No—that shall live while life shall last,
Farewell—I go full long to prove
The sad reverse of moments past.

MISCELLANY.

The Sailor in Church. A celebrated commodore, in the American Navy, having a few hours to spend in a port where he was unacquainted, concluded on attending a religious meeting, and for this purpose taking with him his favorite servant, he started off for the church. "Now mind," said he to Jack, as they were going, "in the meeting you say not a word—no one is to speak there but the minister." Jack, who had been accustomed to obey, as well as see his master obeyed, "right or wrong," promised obedience, and they went into church. A seat was provided for the commodore near the preacher's desk, and Jack, left alone, after looking around the church for some time, was invited to take a seat by the side of the Deacon. The minister having opened the service, proceeded to give out a hymn, and as there were a scarcity of books, it fell to the deacon's lot to repeat the lines for the singers. No sooner had he rose than Jack, twitching his coat, whispered in his ear. "You'd better be still—I had my orders afore I came in here—so you'd better be still." The deacon proceeded to read, and Jack repeated his admonition, but all to no purpose—he had got out the two first lines, and all the members of the meeting were engaged in singing, when the poor tar roused to desperation at seeing the commodore's orders disobeyed, right in his own face and eyes, turned to the deacon, and rolling up his sleeves he exclaimed, "*You* was the beginning of all this ere *row*, and shiver my timbers, if you don't pay for't!" and he hammered away, first on one side and on the other, till the whole scene became a powerful illustration of the difficulties of the church militant.

Providence Patriot.

Absurd Legislative Restriction. In Portugal, by way of encouraging the breeding of cattle, it is prohibited to kill calves, or sell veal in the markets; and the eating of eggs is declared to be highly detrimental to the increase of poultry. Our fishery board has undoubtly studied political economy in Portugal. By way of preventing the breed of herrings from being exhausted by our fisherman, it is enacted, sagely and seriously enacted, that the meshes of herring nets shall be an inch in width, in order to allow the little young fish to get through, and to take only the full grown fish. Will it be believed that the country is at the expense of keeping a ship of war to cruise about among the fisherman on the coast of Scotland, principally to enforce this regulation, and seize the unlawful nets! The full-grown herrings must take it very kind of the fishery board to show such affectionate regard for their offspring. In the Philosophical Transactions of 1767, it is stated that the number of eggs in a female herring is 36,969. Consequently, if the fishery board could have ascertained that, after the fishing of 100,000 barrels of herrings, as many as 1 1-2 barrels of live herrings remained in the ocean, they might have slept with tranquil conscience, without dreaming that a sloop of war was necessary to protect the genus Clupen from extermination by small meshed nets.

Distinguished Females. Calphurna was the wife of Julius Cæsa, was at once the object of his love and admiration. Her wit amused, her understanding charmed, and her sweetness captivated the conqueror of the world. Her mind had been cultivated with the nicest care, and her manners were upon the most perfect model. Anxious to promote the happiness of her people, she in fact became their idol; and it is difficult to say whether she was most venerated, loved or esteemed!

Plautina, wife to the emperor Trajan, was as celebrated for the sweetness of her manners, as she was for the solidity of her judgment, and the refinement of her understanding; and so thoroughly was the emperor acquainted with the capability of her intellectual powers, that he always consulted her upon affairs of importance; yet this flattering complement to her abilities neither filled her with pride, or puffed her up with presumption; for her humility was equal to her penetration, and her affability to her judgment; and so great was the ascendancy that she obtained over the emperor, that historians ascribe many of his noble acts to the influence of her virtues.

Agrippina, wife of Germanicus, was a woman in whom were united great talents, exalted virtues, and refined delicacy. Her perfections were grounded on an innate principle of virtue, which withstood the pernicious effects of bad example; for her mother's character was as much disgraced by censure, as her own adorned with praise.

The eldest daughter of the illustrious chancellor, Thomas More, was a wise and amiable lady. Her learning was almost eclipsed by her virtues. She corresponded in Latin with the great Erasmus, who styled her the ornament of Briton. After she had consoled her father in prison, had rushed through the guards to snatch a last embrace, had obtained the liberty of paying him funeral honors, had purchased his head with gold, she was herself loaded with fetters for two crimes—for having kept the head of her father as a relict, and for having preserved his books and writings. She appeared before her judges with intrepidity, justified herself with that eloquence which virtue bestows on injured merit, commanded admiration and respect, and passed the rest of her life in retirement, in melancholy, and in study.

POETRY.

From the London Comic Annual.

I'M NOT A SINGLE MAN.

"Double, single and the rub."—"—*Hoyle.*
"This, this is solitude."—*Byron.*

Well, I confess, I did not guess
A single marriage vow
Would make one find all womenkind
Such unkind women now!
They need not, sure, as *distant* be,
As Java or Japan,—
Yet ev'ry miss reminds me this—
I'm not a single man!

Once they made choice of my bass voice
To share in each duet;
So well I danced, I somehow chanced
To stand in every set:
They now declare I cannot sing,
And dance on Bruin's plan;
Me draw!—me paint!—me any thing!—
I'm not a single man!

Once I asked advice, and task'd
What works to buy or not,
And "would I read that passage out
I so admired in Scott?"
They then could bear to hear one read;
But if I now began,
How they would snub "my pretty page,"
I'm not a single man!

One used to stitch a collar then,
Another hemmed a frill!
I had more purses netted then
Than I could hope to fill.
I once could get a button on,
But now I never can—
My buttons then were bachelor's—
I'm not a single man!

Oh how they hated politics
Thrust on me by papa,
But now my chat—they all leave that
To entertain mamma.
Mamma, who praises her own self,
Instead of Jane or Ann,
And lays "her girl" upon the shelf—
I'm not a single man!

Ah me, how strange it is the change,
In parlor or in hall,
They treat me so, if I but go
To make a morning call.
If they had hair in papers once,
Bolt up the stairs they ran;
They now set still in dishabille—
I'm not a single man!

Miss Mary Bond was once so fond
Of Romans and of Greeks,
She daily sought my cabinet,
To study my antiques.
Well, now she doesn't care a dump
For ancient pot or pan;
Her taste at once is modernized—
I'm not a single man!

My spouse is fond of homely life,
And all that sort of thing;
I go to balls without my wife,
And never wear a ring:
And yet each Miss to whom I come
As strange as Genghis Khan,
Knows by some sign, I can't divine,—
I'm not a single man!

Go where I will, I but intrude,
I'm left in crowded rooms,
Like Zimmerman on Solitude,
Or Hervey at his tombs.
From head to heel, they make me feel,
Of quite another clan;
I'm not a single man!

Miss Towne, the toast, though she can boast
A nose of Roman fine,
Will turn up even that in scorn
Of compliments of mine:
She should have seen that I have been
Her sex's partisan,
And really married all I could—
I'm not a single man!

'Tis hard to see how others fare,
Whilst I rejected stand;
Will no one take my arm because
They cannot have my hand!
Miss Parry, that for some would go
A trip to Hindostan,
With me don't care to mount a stair—
I'm not a single man!

Some change of course, should be in force,
But surely not so much—
There may be hands I may not squeeze,
But must I never touch?
Must I forbear to hand a chair,
And not pick up a fan?
But I have been myself picked up—
I'm not a single man!

Others may hint a lady's tint
Is purest red and white—
May say her eyes are like the skies,
So very blue and bright;
I must not say that she *has eyes*,
Or if I so began,
I have my fears about my ears—
I'm not a single man!

I must confess I did not guess
A simple marriage-vow
Would make me find all womenkind
Such unkind women now;
I might be hashed to death, or smash'd
By Mr. Pickford's van,
Without, I fear, a single tear—
I'm not a single man!

Defer not the charities till death; he that doth so is liberal rather of another man's wealth than of his own.

VARIETY.

From Croly's Life of George IV.

MORGAN PRUSSIA.

The prince, himself remarkable for his dexterity in telling a story, was fond of collecting instances of the whim and humor of the Irish peasantry. One of those was—the history of Morgan Prussia.

Morgan, the gay and handsome son of a low Irish farmer, tired of home, went to take the chances of the world, and seek his fortune. By what means he traversed England, or made his way to France, is not told. But he at length crossed France also, and, probably without much knowledge or much care whether he were moving to the north or the south pole, found himself in the Prussian territory. This was the day of the first Frederic, famous for his tall regiment of guards, and for nothing else; except his being the most dangerous compound of fool and madman among the crowned heads of the continent. He had but one ambition, that of inspecting twice a day a regiment of a thousand grenadiers, not one of whom was less than six feet and a half high. Morgan was an Irish giant, and was instantly seized by the Prussian recruiting sergeants, who *forced* him to *volunteer* into the tall battalion. This turn of fate was totally out of the Irishman's calculation; and the prospect of carrying a musket till his dying day on the Potsdam parade, after having made up his mind to live by his wits, and rove the world, more than once tempted him to think of leaving his musket and his honor behind him, and fairly trying his chance for escape. But the attempt was always found impracticable; the frontier was too closely watched, and Morgan still marched up and down the Postdam parade with a disconsolate heart; when one evening a Turkish recruit was brought in; for Frederic looked to nothing but the thews and sinews of a man, and the Turk was full seven feet high.

"How much does his majesty give for catching that heathen?" said Morgan to his corporal. "Four hundred dollars," was the answer. He burst out into an exclamation of astonishment at this waste of royal treasure upon a Turk. "Why, they cannot be got for less," replied the corporal. "What a pity my five brothers cannot hear of it!" said Morgan, "I am a dwarf to any one of them, and the sound of half the money would bring them all over immediately." As the discovery of a tall recruit was the well known road to favoritism, five were worth at least a pair of colors to the corporal; the conversation was immediately carried to the sergeant, and from him through the gradation of officers to the colonel, who took the first opportunity of mentioning it to the king. The colonel was instantly ordered to question Morgan. But he at once had lost all memory on the subject.—"He had no brothers; he had made the regiment his father and mother and relations, and there he hoped to live and die." But he was urged still more strongly, and at length confessed, that he had brothers, even above the regimental standard, but that "nothing on earth could stir them from their spades."

After some time, the king inquired for the five recruits, and was indignant when he was told of the impossibility of enlisting them. "Send the fellow himself," he exclaimed, "and let him bring them back." The order was given, but Morgan was "broken hearted at the idea of so long an absence from the regiment." He applied to the colonel to have the order revoked, or at least given to some one else. But this was out of the question, for Frederic's word was always irrevokable; and Morgan, with a disconsolate face, prepared to set out upon his mission. "How was he to make his brother's come, unless he showed them the recruiting money?" This objection was at least obviated by the advance of a sum equal to about three hundred pounds sterling, as a first installment for the purchase of his family. Like a loyal grenadier, the Irishman was now ready to attempt any thing for his colonel or his king, and Morgan began his journey. But as he was stepping out of the gates of Postdam, another difficulty occurred; and he returned to tell the colonel, that of all people existing, the Irish were the most apt to doubt a traveller's story, they being in the habit of a good deal of exercise in that style themselves; and that, when he should go back to his own country and tell them of the capital treatment and sure promotion that a soldier met with in the guards, the probability was, that they would laugh in his face. As to the money, "there were some who would not scruple to say that he stole it, or tricked some one out of it. But undoubted, when they saw him walking back only as a common soldier, he was sure that they would not believe a syllable let him say what he would, about rising in the service."

The objection was intelligible enough, and the colonel represented it to Frederic, who doubly outrageous at the delay, swore a grenadier's oath, ordered Morgan to be made a *sans officer*, or upper sergeant, and with a sword and epaulett, sent him instantly across the Rhine to convince his five brothers of the rapidity of Prussian promotion. Morgan flew to his home in the County of Carlow, delighted the firesides for many a mile round with his having outwitted a King and a whole battalion of grenadiers, laid out his recruiting money on land, and became a man of estate at the expense of the Prussian treasury.

One ceremony remains to be recorded. Once a year, on the anniversary of the day in which he left Potsdam and its giants behind, he climbed a hill within a short distance of his house, turned himself in the direction of Prussia, and with the most contemptuous gesture which he could contrive, bade good-by to his majesty! The *ruse* was long a great source of amusement, and its hero, like other heroes, bore through life the name earned by his exploit, *Morgan Prussia.*

Philology. The following ludicrous explanation of the order in which some of the letters of the Alphabet are placed, as well as their essential use in the economy of morals, may well be entitled to the consideration of the "literati" of the present enlightened period. The scholiasts upon that ode of Anacreon, which describes Cupid being stung by a bee, state him at that moment to have been learning his letters, and that in perpetual remembrance of his winged assailant, he decreed that the alphabet should commence with B. A.—The precedence of B to C is explained upon the principle that a man must *Be* before he could see. But the modern philologists make more important discoveries, and assign an origin to our letters as ancient as extraordinary; they declare that the letter D was of infinite concern to Noah, inasmuch as it made his *Ark*, *Dark*; that the letter F is peculiarly the poulterer's property as it makes an *Owl* a *Fowl*; and that the letter G is as much the perquisite of the Farmer as it converts all his *Oats* into *Goats*; that it is of inestimable service to a *Lass*, as it only requires it to be placed before her to make a *Glass*; and that the letter H is as important to the physiologist as it convinces him that no *Ear*, can *Hear*, without it; the modern scholiasts also inform us that the letter K has a serious reference to the safety of the good, as it only enables the *Ill* to *Kill*; and that the letter L would be of service to any man when pursued by an *Adder*, as it would alone convert the serpent into a *Ladder*, and permit him to make his escape; as for the letter M its utility to the female members of a Temperance society is apparent, for it only enables an *Ale-drinker* to be a *Male-drinker*, and surely our fair friends cannot be too much obliged to this admirable letter for the distinction; the letter N is likened to a little pig, because it makes *a sty Nasty*; while the letter P is taken from *Pimp*, in order to show that character in his true light, as an *Imp*; the learned are not yet satisfied; they have discovered, forsooth that the letter R is an emetic, because it makes *Each*, *Reach*, and that the letters U and V can never by possibility go out to dinner, because they invariably come after T; moreover they have ascertained *o, a, s, t*, are *Toast* with T, and therefore in a somewhat unhappy condition likewise; it is said in the schools where these matters are taught, that the Barber is the unkindest trade of all to the gentlemen of the alphabet, as he ties up *Q's* (queues) and puts two *P's* (toupees) into irons. Such is philological science; to what interesting discoveries may it not give rise, when even an alphabetical arrangement can put us in possession of such important facts.

The late King and his Servants. Among the innumerable instances of the feeling of our late sovereign, may be here related one which occurred many years ago, while he was Prince of Wales. Being at Brighton, one going rather earlier than usual to visit his stud, he inquired of a groom, "Where is Tom Cross? is he unwell? I have missed him for some days." "Please your royal highness, he is gone away." "Gone away! for what?" "Please your royal highness (hesitating,) I believe—for—Mr. —— can inform your royal highness." "I desire to know, sir, of you; what has he done?" "I believe, your royal highness, something—not—quite—something about the oats." "Where is M. ——? send him to me immediately." The prince appeared much disturbed at the discovery. The absent one, quite a youth, had been employed in the stable, and was the son of an old groom who had died in the prince's service. "Where is Tom Cross? what has become of him?" "I do not know, your royal highness." "What has he been doing?" "Purloining the oats, your royal highness; and I discharged him." "What, sir, send him away without acquainting me! not know whither he has gone! a fatherless boy driven into the world from my service with a blighted character! Why, the poor fellow will be destroyed: fie, ——! I did not expect this from you! Seek him out, sir, and let me not see you until you have discovered him." Tom was found, and brought before his royal master. He hung down his head, while the tears trickled from his eyes. After looking steadfastly at him for some moments, "Tom, Tom," said the prince, "what have you been doing? Happy it is for your poor father that he is gone; it would have broken his heart to see you in such a situation. I hope this is your first offence." The youth wept bitterly. "Ah, Tom, I am glad to see that you are penitent. Your father was an honest man; I had a great regard for him: so I should have for you, if you were a good lad, for his sake. Now, if I desire Mr. —— to take you into the stable again, do you think that I may trust you? Tom wept still more vehemently, implored forgiveness, and promised reformation. "Well, then," said the gracious prince, "you shall be restored. Avoid evil company: go, and recover your character; be diligent, be honest, and make me your friend: and, hark ye, Tom, I will take care that no one shall ever taunt you with what is past.

English paper.

Drunken Ducks. On Wednesday a bridegroom's flitting came to this town, and among the necessaries with which the cart was loaded were two greybeards of whiskey in a sack. An old man, wishing possibly to earn a dram, would needs carry in the bottles. He caught hold of the bottom of the pack instead of the mouth, placed his back to the vehicle, made a move, and clash went the big stone bottles on the cause-way. A drake that happened to be present observed the limpid fluid trickling over the stones, and marvelled at seeing such clear water in such dirty weather, made towards it with the greedy haste of a sober glutton. He arrived at the spot, drank, shook his head, drank again, then sounded "Quack! quack!" like the blast of a brazen trumpet, through every tenement about the West Port. Quickly a number of the hobbling feathered tribe were congregated round the luckless remains of the broken bottles. They drank, quacked, fluttered their wings, quacked and drank again "and none were so happy as they." In a short time fourteen ducks and five drakes, inspired by the spirit of *aqua vita*, were seen staggering, quacking, and gallanting, through the street, in such a manner, as no decent duck could approve of. Towards Gloamin, nothing was to be seen but old wives hurrying to their respective places of abode with baskets full of drunken ducks and intemperate drakes.—Perthshire Courier.

CLASSIC EPITAPH.

Hic jacet
Niger Pompeius
Natus *bake-beanes* consummere;
Bake-beanibus consumptis
Obiit.

ADELAIDE.—BY MRS. HEMANS.

The morning mists had disappeared, and the sun had burst forth with unusual brilliancy; its bright rays reflected in the beautiful stream that meanders through Elmwood's Park, as I paused at an open window to bid a long adieu to the scenery around and the home which I loved. It was, in truth, a beautiful prospect; and I remained, gazing intently upon it, until, aroused by hearing the gentle accents of a female voice in an adjacent room, I recollected that I was about to offer my congratulations to my cousin, Adelaide Monvers, on her bridal morning, and to bid her a long, and, perhaps, an eternal farewell. My heart beat tumultuously as I entered her apartment; but a strong effort enabled me to subdue my agitation. I approached Adelaide, and placing a diadem of pearls beside her, I expressed, in a few words, my sincere wishes for her happiness.

"But why will you leave us, Horace?" said the sweet girl; "surely you can remain with us one day longer?" and she looked earnestly at me, while a deep blush spread over her ingenuous countenance.

Alas! she little knew the agony I suffered in being obliged to leave her, nor the deep, the very deep interest I took in her welfare. I endeavored to convince her that longer delay was impossible, and that I had already exceeded the time allowed.

"Well then," said Adelaide, "if you are indeed going, I have a little gift for you, (and she placed in my hands a small miniature of herself, cased in gold,) which will sometimes serve to remind you of a cousin who will ever remember with affection the friend of her youth."

I strove to speak, but the words died away on my tongue; and, hastily clasping her to my heart with the freedom which our long intimacy and relationship warranted, I pressed my lips on her beautiful brow, and rushed from the room. Years have passed away since then, but that interview still lives in my memory! Adelaide Manvers was the orphan child of my father's favorite sister. Both of her parents had died when she was very young. My mother received her under her protection, and she was educated with my sister Catharine. I was ten years the senior of Adelaide; and when she first became an intimate of our family, I was preparing for the university, and had but little intercourse with my pretty cousin. Years rolled onwards, and the joyous laughing child ripened into a beautiful and artless girl, whose smiles and presence formed to me the chief attraction of my home; and whose grace and engaging simplicity were never failing objects of interest and delight. Adelaide was, however, unconscious that I entertained for her a sentiment warmer than that of friendship; nor had I the courage to make her acquainted with my feelings, as I feared to interrupt the harmony then existing between us. About this time, an opportunity presented itself for my accompanying a gentleman on the continental tour, and as I was much pressed to avail myself of the offer by my father, and could offer no plausible reason for refusing, I reluctantly consented. I was absent two years, and during that time the sweet image of Adelaide still haunted me, and I thought of her with unabated affection. At length I returned, and hastened to embrace my family, who were then staying at Southampton. Adelaide was with them—and how beautiful she looked! Every where she was the object of universal attraction; but I thought less of her personal loveliness than of the endearing and inestimable qualities of her heart and mind. We renewed our former friendly intercourse, and hope whispered to my heart that I might be happy. Soon, however, I learned with dismay, that Sir James Mantravers was an ardent admirer of my cousin Adelaide, and that it was suspected she regarded him with partiality. Here was a death-blow to the airy fabric of happiness which I had been raising. The baronet was younger than myself, handsome, and of most polished manners.

He evidently sought to gain Adelaide's affection, and I watched her closely when in company with him. I saw the deepened blush on the cheek of my cousin when the young baronet addressed her, and the sparkle of her eye as she listened to his welcome conversation; from that moment, the long treasured and secret hopes of my heart died within me. I saw that her young heart's affections were fixed, and that she was lost to me forever. I resolved that my wretchedness and disappointment should be buried in the recesses of my heart. Sir James soon after made proposals for the hand of Adelaide, which were accepted. I know not why, but though he was a general favorite in society, I never liked him. I suspected that much of dissimulation lurked beneath his smooth exterior and insinuating address. Though I knew that Adelaide would soon be the bride of another, I still lingered near her, willing to listen to her sweet voice, and gaze on her enchanting smile; but when the day of her union was fixed, I awoke from

my trance to a full sense of my misery. I felt that I could not witness her the wife of another and retain my senses.

I resolved to leave England for India, where I had an uncle who had for many years filled an important post under the government. "I will quit England," I exclaimed in bitter sorrow, "for years—perhaps forever, and lose, if possible, the remembrance of my misery amid new climes and scenery." My wish was at first strenuously objected to by my family; but when they saw my settled determination, they refrained from offering further opposition, and a day was named for my departure. Circumstances, immaterial now, connected with the baronet's family, obliged him to name an earlier day for his marriage than what had been anticipated, and it happened to be the very one which was also to witness my departure from Elmswood Park, my paternal home. I was indeed importuned to remain and witness Adelaide's espousals; but I offered so plausible an excuse, that it was quite sufficient to satisfy the unsuspecting mind of Adelaide. At length the morning of my departure came. My parting scene with Adelaide I have already described; but how shall I tell of the bitter dejection with which I sunk back in the carriage, as it swept round the lawn, when I saw the waive of Adelaide's hand at the window, and I felt that on earth I must behold her beloved form no more, or look upon her as the wife of another.

While in India I heard frequently from my sister Catharine. She, however, said but little respecting Adelaide, as I half suspect that she had some idea of my unhappy attachment; but I learned that Adelaide was a mother, and that Sir James was extremely gay, and the first to join in every fashionable extravagance. I sighed when I read this, for my heart whispered to me that Adelaide was unhappy, as I knew her habits and disposition were averse to scenes of reckless gaiety and dissipation. Time soothed my bitter feelings of disappointment, and the novel scene of activity in which I engaged, tended to dissipate my unhappiness, until at length I was enabled to think of Adelaide with calmness, yet still as a dear and cherished being, for whose welfare I felt the most tender solicitude.

I had been twelve years in India when my uncle died, and left me the bulk of his property; the remainder to be equally divided between Adelaide and my sister Catharine. When I lost my uncle I had no remaining tie in India, and I felt a longing desire to revisit my native shores, and to embrace my mother and sister—my father had been dead some years. How my heart even then throbbed when I thought I should see Adelaide.

I found my mother but little touched by time; scarcely a furrow on her brow, and she wore the same placid smile as ever; and Catharine, dear Catharine, still as lively and good humored as when I left her. A tear trembled in my sister's eye, however, when she spoke of Adelaide. Sir James, she told me, was then on the Continent, but neither my mother nor herself had seen Adelaide for the last two years, though they yet corresponded. Sir James had looked on them as unwelcome visiters; and they, in their turn, could not conceal the disgust they felt at his neglect of Adelaide, nor bear to witness her dejection, the cause for which she sedulously abstained from speaking of, and they were too delicate to mention, as she seemed to wish to avoid it. Their circumstances were no longer flourishing, for Sir James' debts of honor had dissipated the greater part of his fortune. Adelaide was said to be in ill health; and there were rumors abroad that the baronet's conduct was exceedingly harsh and unfeeling. Three children had died in their infancy, and one only was living—a girl.

I will not endeavor to paint my feelings when I listened to this melancholy recital. Adelaide was unhappy! and I could offer no consolation, but I could see her, and my friendship might yet be of service to her. This resolution I resolved immediately to execute; and a few trifling matters, relative to the fortune which my uncle had left her, formed a sufficient excuse for my soliciting an interview.

It was the season of spring when I arrived at Lee priory, a small estate of the baronet's in the county of Dorset, and the only one, I believe, which his propensity for gaming had left him. Adelaide had resided there for the last year. The situation of priory was, in truth, beautiful in the extreme; it stood on a gentle eminence, whence the eye looked out on fertile meads, rich in wood and in water; and the extreme verge of the prospect was lost in the blue waves of the distant ocean. Yet there was something about the priory itself which seemed to speak desolation, as I passed through its beautiful but neglected garden, and I sighed to think how much it was in unison with the heart of its mistress. I was informed by the servant that Lady Mantravers was at home, and I was shown into the library, where I had time to collect my scattered thoughts, and to preserve my fortitude, which seemed on the point of deserting me, for the approaching interview.

A beautiful whole length portrait of Adelaide hung over the fire-place, so like, so very like her when I last saw her, that as I gazed upon it, I almost believed the years that had passed an illusion. I was awakened from my reverie by a beautiful little girl running into the room, apparently about five years old, with a little basket of flowers in her hand. I had scarcely time, however, to look at *her* ere I heard Adelaide's voice; and she advanced to meet and welcome me as an old friend. I looked at her, but gracious heaven! what a change was there! Had it not been for her voice, I would scarcely have believed that it was Adelaide who stood before me. She was very thin—alarmingly so. I looked for the sunny smile which I remembered, but it was gone, the rose had fled from her cheeks—they were very pale, but her hair was still soft and her voice as sweet and gentle as ever. Adelaide saw, in a moment, the cause of my emotion.

"Ah! Mr. Morton!" she said with a melancholy smile, "I see you have forgotten the years that have passed since we met, and you find me sadly changed." My heart was too full to speak.

"I am far from well at present," she continued; "my spirits, too, have left me sadly of late; but I have a little antidote here, which seldom fails to restore me in my melancholy moods," and she drew forth her little girl and presented her to me.

She was a lovely child, the very image of Adelaide herself when she first came under my protection, save that there was a shade of thoughtfulness over her sweet face, which her mother, at her age, had not. I placed her on my knee, and encouraged by my caresses, she began prattling to me with all that bewitching artlessness which renders childhood so attractive.

"And how is dear Catharine?" said Adelaide. I told her she was well, and I regretted that they did not meet more frequently.

"Alas!" she continued, "Catharine cannot regret our separation more than I do. Circumstances, however, forbid our meeting, but I trust that your sister still thinks of me with affection." I endeavored to assure her that Catharine's regard for her was as lively as ever.

"You will, perhaps, smile," replied Adelaide "but I have a fancy that my time in this world will be short; and the wish nearest my heart is that our inestimable mother and dear Catharine would consent to take charge of my little treasure"—and she pointed to her infant daughter.—I expressed my hopes that she would yet live many years, and regain her former strength and spirits. "My physicians tell me that I shall," said she, but I know better—the seeds of decay are too deeply sown to be eradicated; nor do I wish to live, save for Adelaide. Life has no charms for me. But enough of this. Will you take charge of of a packet for your sister, wherein I have fully expressed my earnest wishes respecting my child?" I readily promised to do so, and assured her that I felt certain of their being complied with. I, however, hinted that Sir James might not accede.

"Sir James," she said, has seriously promised never to interfere with any arrangements of mine respecting Adelaide; and I think he would respect the dying request of his wife," I exclaimed; "and for myself, I will cherish your little Adelaide with a father's kindness. She shall be the object of my solicitude, and the heiress of my fortune!"

"God bless you, Horace!" said Adelaide, and her whole countenance lighted up for a moment, with unusual brilliancy. "I believe and accept your kind offer. Oh, you know not the weight of anguish from which you have relieved me."

She bent her head, and her eyes were filled with tears, which little Adelaide observing, she stole gently on the sofa behind her mother, and throwing her arms around her neck, sought to soothe her by her infantile caresses. I was visibly affected, and I spoke of a change of climate, which might, I thought, have a beneficial effect upon Adelaide's health. She shook her head.

"No, no!" said she, "no change of climate will benefit me; it is too late—my illness is here—here;" and she laid her hand on her heart—"this is broken—withered—miserable." She stopped for a moment, and I dared not trust myself to reply.

"This may be our last interview, Horace," she continued; "why, then, O why, should I seek to hide from you, the friend of my youth, that my marriage with Sir James has been productive of misery! An unhappy propensity for play, lured him from his home; he seemed to exist only in a crowd. I was neglected and forgotton, and he threw from him then the love which I bore to him. Then, did I say?" cried Adelaide, as she hid her face in her hands and burst into tears—"Alas! alas! my affection knows no decay—it will not fade until death. Hear me," continued Adelaide; "watch over my child, I charge you, and save her from her mother's fate. Let her not give her heart to one who will break her gentle spirit by his unkindness, and then leave her to sorrow and scorn."

"I will shield her from every evil, Adelaide, that human foresight can guard against; but tell me," I said, "wherein can I serve *you*? Any thing that the most sincere friendship can—"

"No, no!" said she hastily; "for myself I have nothing to ask. Think of me as one whose sand of life is nearly run out, and whose cares and sorrows will soon be hushed in the tranquility of the tomb. Farewell, Horace," she said, as she extended her hand to me—"my blessings and my prayers shall follow *you*, who have promised to be the faithful guardian of my child."

"God forever shield you, Adelaide," I cried, as I tenderly kissed her hand; and disengaging myself from the grasp of the little girl, I quitted the apartment.

It *was* my last interview with Adelaide. I saw the being whom I had so fondly loved no more! When the cold winds of autumn swept the leaves from the trees, Adelaide was at rest in the grave, her gentle spirit had passed away from this scene of sin and suffering. I have faithfully fulfilled my promise respecting her child. Ten years have now passed away since she came under my roof: and her affectionate attentions, and engaging cheerfulness, enliven my declining years, and soothe the many melancholy thoughts which even now, often press on my spirits, when I think of her mother—of Adelaide, my first and only love.

PIERRE.

A GERMAN NOVEL.

In a village belonging to the margraviate of Bareith, in Franconia, dwelt a husbandman, named Pierre. He possessed the most beautiful farm and extensive lands in the country; but these he considered as the least of his treasure—three sons and three daughters, borne him by his wife Theresa, were also married, and resided with their children in the house of Pierre. His age was eighty, that of Theresa seventy-eight, and they were served, loved and respected by their numerous family. By temperance exempt from those infirmities which in general embitter age, they were contented with each other, beloved by all, happy in their lovely offspring, they thanked God, and blessed their children.

One evening, having finished their labor, and got in the harvest, the good Pierre, Theresa, and the family were seated at the door of their mansion, and admiring the glorious spectacle of the illumined firmament with pious rapture, unknown to the inhabitants of a great city. See, cried the aged peasant, how the heavens are strewed with brilliant stars, each marking its course with a streak of light; the moon, hid by the towering poplars, cast a pale trembling ray, which adds to the sublimity of the scene—not a leaf stirs to disturb the repose of the harmless feathered tribe, whose numerous unfledged young are protected and nourished under the wings of parental love. The profound and pleasing stillness is only at intervals interrupted by the distant cry of the owl—image of a guilty mind—he alone wakes; while all else are enjoying the repose of peace and innocence, he mourns without ceasing and dreads the light of day. Oh! my children be ever good, and you will be ever happy. These sixty years your mother and I have enjoyed tranquil felicity—may you never buy it dearer than we have bought it!

At these words tears filled the eyes of the old man. Louisa, one of his grand children, not more than seven years of age, ran to embrace him ——.

Grand papa, said she, you never gave us such pleasure as this evening. What a charming picture! Judge how we should like to hear your history—It is not too late—the night is lovely, and no one cares for sleep.

All the family in an instant seconded the request and making a circle round him, Louisa seated herself at his feet, and commanded silence: each parent taking an infant on their knee, listened in mute expectation; and the good old man, one of whose hands was clasped in that of Theresa, while the other was fondly caressed by Louisa, began his history.

It is a long time back, my children, when I was in my eighteenth, and Theresa in her sixteeth year; she was the only daughter of Armiaz, the richest farmer in the country. I was the poorest peasant in the village, yet my poverty did not prevent my loving so much worth and beauty. I used my utmost endeavors to extinguish a passion that rendered me miserable, for I was sure that my want of fortune was an eternal obstacle to my union with Theresa. I knew I must renounce her, or think of the means to enrich myself, which could only be effected by quitting the place where she resided. It was an effort above me, and I chose rather to present myself as a servant to the wealthy Armiaz. I was accepted, and by my assiduity, soon cultivated the good will of the farmer, and more quickly that of his fair daughter. You may judge how I worked; you, my sons, who have married women of your hearts, can tell my feelings. She loved me as I loved her—I thought on nothing but Theresa—I lived but for her, and thought my happiness would never end. I was soon undeceived; an opulent peasant in the neighborhood demanded the daughter of Armiaz for a wife; his proposal met the approbation of the farmer, and the marriage was resolved on. We did nothing but weep; our tears were shed in vain—the inflexible Armiaz was not to be opposed—he saw his daughter's aversion, and his resentment was violent. The fatal day approached; there was no alternative; Theresa was to become the wife of a man whom she hated. She was sure to die with grief, and I determined not to survive her. We took the only step that remained for our choice; we eloped together; and were soon pursued by Heaven for our fault.

Theresa and I quitted the village in the middle of the night, on a horse given her by an uncle. A small quantity of clothes and some provisions, we put us in a wallet; and a very little money, the fruit of her economy, was all we took with us. We travelled all night and at the dawn of day found ourselves on the frontiers of Bohemia. Without fear of being taken, we halted in a valley. Theresa dismounted, and, seated by my side on the green turf, partook of a repast frugal and delicious.

Our meal ended, we dilated on our next method of proceeding. After a long discourse, and having estimated our horse at its utmost value, we found our riches amounted to no more than twenty ducats which would support us but a short time. We, however, determined to proceed to the first capital town, where we should be in less danger of discovery, and get married as soon as possible. After this wise resolution, we pursued our course to Egra, where our first care was to seek the church, when we were married by a priest, to whom I gave the half our little treasure; nor did we think it in the power of money to repay so good an action.

All went well for about eight days, in which time we had sold our horse. The money was soon expended, and we had nothing left. What was to be done we knew not. I was ignorant of the manner of agriculture in that country, nor was Theresa better informed; she trembled for our fate. Her situation was alarming, and I partook of her fears. At length having no other resource I engaged in a regiment of cavalry that was in garrison at Agra, and my bounty money was given to my Theresa, who received it with tears. I found my pay sufficient for my maintenance, and the little work done by my wife whom necessity had instructed, went to the support of our household. The birth of an infant tied us still closer to each other; it was you my Gertrude, and we viewed you as the blessing of our future years. We said the same by each babe that heaven thought proper to send us.

By the strict attention I paid to my duty, I soon acquired the esteem and friendship of my officers. Frederick, my captain, was but twenty years of age, and was distinguished from all his companions by his elegance of person and sweetness of manners. He conceived a partiality for me, and I related my adventures to him. He saw Theresa, was interested in our welfare, and promised to use his interest to obtain the pardon of Armiaz, and I relied on his word as the most sacred promise. Besides which, he assured me he would give me immediate liberty. He had already written to my father-in-law, without having received any answer.

The time slid away rapidly; the young captain appeared to grow cool, and Theresa each day became more and more sad; and when I demanded the reason, she spoke to me of my father, and tried to change the discourse, and I began to have a suspicion that Frederick was the cause of her embarrassment.

That young man, ardent as are most of his age, had beheld her with admiration, and his virtue was subordinate to his passion. He was acquainted with our state, knew how much we depended upon him for assistance, and dared to tell my wife the reward he demanded for his services. My wife was indignant, and repulsed him with severity; but knowing me to be violent and jealous, fatally concealed it from me, while I was daily extolling the generous friendship of Frederick.

One day coming from the picket, I returned to my house, and beheld before me—(judge my surprise) ——Armiaz! Are you there! cried he, seizing me —Ravisher! restore me my child! Give me back the happiness you have robbed me of in return for my friendship!

I fell on my knees before him—I endured the first bursts of his passion; my tears appeased him, and he consented to hear me. The evil is done, cried I: Theresa is mine—she is my wife. My life is in your hands, punish me, but save your only child! let her not die with grief at the dishonor of her husband! Spare, oh, spare your child! Saying these words, I entered the room where you lay asleep, my Gertrude, in your cradle; your cheek glowed with health and innocence. Armiaz looked and tears filled his eyes. I clasped thee in my arms, and presented thee to him—This is also your daughter! cried I. You waked with the motion, as if inspired by Heaven; extended your little arms to the aged Armiaz, and twisted your fingers in his silvery locks. He loaded you with caresses. Bring me my child, said he in a voice of kindness—Go, my son, and conduct her to my arms!

You can imagine, my children, with what eagerness I flew to prepare her for an interview. I opened the door of the room where she was, and beheld —gracious Heavens!—the captain on his knees to my wife, who used her utmost endeavors to conceal his situation from me. The sight filled me with horror. I drew my sword, and plunged it in the breast of Frederick——he fell, bathed in blood—— his cries alarmed the guard, who rushed into the place. My sword was still reeking—they seized me and Armiaz arrived in time to see his son-in-law loaded with ignominious irons. I embraced him, and recommended my wife and child to his care ——I embraced thee too my Gertrude, and followed my conductors to the dungeon.

I was two days and three nights in a state of insensibility; ignorant of Theresa's fate. I saw no one but my jailor, who replied to all my questions, that it could not be long before I must be condemned.

The third day the gates were thrown open; a guard escorted me to the Place d'Armes. I beheld afar off the whole regiment assembled, and I perceived the terrible instrument of my punishment. All my happiness was, that I had arrived at the summit of all my misfortunes; and impatiently awaited the mortal blow. I moved with convulsive agony, and my lips unknowingly pronounced the name of The-

resa. My eyes wandered vainly in search of her and in this state I reached the place of execution. My sentence was read, and I awaited only the final moment when my punishment was suspended by the most piercing cries. I looked round, and behold a figure half naked, pale and bloody, making efforts to pierce through the armed troop that environed me—It was Frederick. My friends, cried he, it is I who am culpable—I only deserve to die. My friends, spare the innocent! I would have seduced his wife. He did but punish my villany; it was just—and you must be barbarous to shorten his days!

The Chief of the regiment stepped forward; he stopped Frederick, and tried to pacify him, by reading the act that condemned me for lifting my hand against my officer. No more, cried Frederick, I have procured his liberty, he is no longer in your power; here is his discharge properly signed.

The Chiefs were all assembled—Frederick and humanity pleaded my cause. I was reconducted to prison—Frederick wrote to the Ministry—he accused himself, demanded my pardon, and obtained it. Armiar, Theresa, and myself hastened to throw ourselves at the feet of my deliverer. He confirmed the grant that set me at liberty, and would have conferred other benefits, which we would not accept. We returned to this village, and at the death of Armiar, were left sole possessors of his property. Here will Theresa and I finish our days in peaceful serenity, happy in the midst of our peaceful family.

All the children of Pierre pressed around him as he finished his recital; and as they listened, tears ran down their cheeks. Compose yourselves, my children! exclaimed the good old man: Heaven has recompensed me for all my sufferings, in the love you bear me.

Saying these words, he once more embraced them fondly and all the family retired to rest.

Anecdote of Sir E. Pellew, now Lord Exmouth. At Plymouth, several years ago, this gallant officer was sitting alone at dinner, when his servant announced to him that an Indiaman had struck upon the bench, and was in immediate danger of going to pieces. Sir Edward hastened to the shore, and found the intelligence correct, and the surf running so high that no boat dared to venture on board the vessel. Sir Edward addressed the crowd upon the beach, and asked if any of them had heart enough to swim off with him to the ship. A young man stepped forward to answer the challenge; and two lines having been procured, Sir Edward and the stranger each took one in hand and gained the vessel, and after safely landing all on board, were the last to return on shore. On stepping upon land, the gallant Admiral, addressing his comrade in danger, exclaimed, "Give me your hand; you're a fine fellow—who are you?—you must sail with me in future." The young man replied, that he was mate of a collier, and that he should hesitate to quit a situation so comfortable for the chance of doubtful promotion. Sir Edward overcame his scruples, and this singular introduction added to the heroes of the British navy, an officer unrivalled in heroic exploits,—no less a character than Capt. Jeremiah Coughlan.

Manchester paper.

How are Scholars made? Costly apparatus and splendid cabinets have no magical power to make scholars. In all circumstances, as a man is under God the master of his own fortune, so is he the maker of his own mind. The Creator has so constituted the human intellect that it can grow only by its own action, and by its own action it most certainly and necessarily grows. Every man must, therefore, in an important sense educate himself. His books and teacher are but helps, the work is his. A man is not educated until he has the ability to summon, in case of emergency, all his mental powers in vigorous exercise to effect his proposed object. It is not the man who has seen most, or who has read most, who can do do this; such an one is in danger of being borne down, like a beast of burden, by an over-loaded mass of other men's thoughts. Nor is it the man that can boast merely of native vigor and capacity. The greatest of all the warriors that went to the siege of Troy had not the pre-eminence because nature had given him strength, and he carried the largest bow, but because self discipline had taught him how to bend it.

Daniel Webster.

The Cincinnati Commercial Advertiser gives the following appalling account of the death of Mr. Armstrong by the late fire in that place:

Death of Mr. James Armstrong. We barely mentioned the death of this gentleman in our account of the late fire, with the intention of referring to the manner of it thereafter.

When the alarm of fire first reached him on Thursday night, he hastened to the spot, and with all that benevolence of heart and boldness of spirit which characterized him, rushed into the burning building with the intention if possible, of rescuing something from the flames. At this moment the second explosion took place, which threw down a board partition, and part of the walls of the house, and caught him by the legs and thighs under the ruins, (the boards being between him and the fallen bricks.) In this situation he lay, for at least a quarter of an hour, the fire increasing every minute, and he totally unable to extricate himself. Being near a window, several citizens entered, and used every exertion in their power to relieve him;—they got hold of his hands, but the weight of the pressure upon him was such that he could not be drawn from under it; and the fire rapidly approaching him drove away those with severe burns, whom the best intentions had brought to his relief. All hope of extricating him was lost! At this moment, Capt. Nathaniel Pease, of Brighton, near Boston, (Mass.) arrived at the fire, and was informed of the horrible situation of Mr. Armstrong. Joined by Mr. Reuben Coffin, of this city, they both, at the imminent hazard of their lives, rushed in, and with more than manly strength, raised the fallen mass, until, while they kept it off him with one hand each, with the other they siezed hold of his, drew him forth, and got him out of the building, which fell in two or three minutes after; when, but for his timely escape, they would all have been buried in an abyss of flames! Notwithstanding his horrible situation, he was perfectly calm and collected, and told Messrs. Pease & Coffin how to proceed to effect his rescue, and when he was so far relieved from the pressure that they could pull him out. Some friend had thrown a coverlid to him, which, having the free use of his hands and arms, he made use of to protect his head and body from the fire and smoke by which he was surrounded. The water from an engine, which had been thrown upon the spot where he lay, to prevent his being burnt to death, became so heated in its passage through the flames, and from the hot bricks on which it fell, that he was most shockingly scalded, and burnt in his limbs that lay under the boards and bricks. No hope was entertained of his recovery, and about six o'clock in the afternoon of Friday, death put a period to his sufferings, after seventeen hours of inexpressible anguish and misery.

Dey of Algiers. The Dey of Algiers seems to excite a good deal of curiosity among the ladies of the voluptuous capital which he has chosen as his abode, and where he keeps his wives in a state of seclusion, which the Neapolitan dames do not know what to make of. They go to visit the Dey who treats them to chocolate and offers them perfumed snuff. A letter written by an English lady of rank, dated, Naples, Oct. 20, says—"The Dey of Algiers has lately sent back thirty of his wives to Algiers. When they arrive there they have to be all put in sacks and thrown into the sea, because the woman who has been promoted to the honor of being the bride of the Dey, is never allowed to be seen by any other man. The thirty in question are frightfully ugly, very dirty, and their fate is not very much regretted. The Dey, when he is angry with any one of his people, immeditely orders a coffin. Being asked once if any one were dead, he answered "No, but in a few minutes there will be one without a head."

Artificial Lamp Oil. The Albany Daily Advertiser mentions, that a new lamp is used in that city, the light of which is more brilliant, yet very soft and delicate. A lamp of this description at Knickerbocker Hall, excited the admiration of all present. Our ordinary lamps may be easily altered so as to answer every purpose for the ingredients used by the proprietors of the patent light, Messrs. Webb and Birdsall. The ingredients used in the place of oil can be procured for sixty-eight cents per gallon—a gallon of which is said to burn as long as a gallon of oil: there is no wick consumed.

COOKING GRATES.—The subscriber respectfully invites the attention of the public to Pierce's newly invented patent American Cooking Grate, for burning anthracite coal, now in successful operation at 455 1-2 Broadway, where the citizens of New York and adjacent are invited to call and see for themselves. Reference can be given to persons of the first respectability in the city, where they have been put up, as to the entire satisfaction they have given.

Likewise, a Franklin grate, on an entire new principle, which consumes its own gas.

RICHARD RITTER, Agent for the Patentee.
M r h 5.

SYLVESTER, 130 BROADWAY, New-York. Official drawing of the New York Lottery, regular Class, No. 2, drawn 2d March.

52 29 54 45 31 47 51 1

I HAVE sold a number of Capitals, but this is the case in every Lottery.

Again on Thursday next, 20,000, 10,000. Tickets only $5—to be obtained at SYLVESTER, 130 Broadway.

Orders by Mail meet the same attention as on personal application.

N B *Washington and Warren* Notes wanted at a very high rate—also *pistareens.*

Exchange and Commission business as usual.

☞ I would particularly call the attention of my country friends to the grand and splendid scheme to be drawn on the 17th inst. it is very superior to any ever offered before. One number will receive $10 and no number, or as called in other Lotteries, Blanks will have $4.

Capitals are **30,000 15,000 10,000,** &c. &c. Tickets only $10 each. As tickets will be very scarce, early application is requested.—Letters by mail meet same punctual attention as on personal application if addressed to S. J. SYLVESTER, New-York, who is legally licensed by the State.

THIS DAY is published, Sylvester's Reporter and enlarged Counterfeit Detector. It contains the latest news—price current—list of Broken Banks—Bank Note Table—Counterfeit Detector, and much other useful information. Single copies 6 1-4 cents or $1,50 per annum. Published every week. SYLVESTER, 130 Broadway.
March 5. tf

WANTED, in a Drug Store, a Young Man who has served his time in America, and who is acquainted with Pharmacy, and a good salesman. Unquestionable references are required. A pious person would be preferred. Inquire at 399 Broadway, corner of Walker-street. Feb. 1.

EVENING SCHOOL,

ST. JOHN'S ACADEMY, 172 Chapel-street, A. L. BALCH, Principal. The public is respectfully informed that this institution is now opened for the reception of those gentlemen who wish to improve their education during the winter evenings.

The course of study embrace, besides the common English branches, the use of Logarithms, Algebra, Geometry, Plane and Spherical Trigonometry, Mensuration of Heights and Distances by Trigonometry, also Geometrically, Surveying, Conic Sections, Mechanics, Mensuration as applied to building, particularly Carpentry and Masonry.

Particular attention will be given to PENMANSHIP, in all its varieties.

BOOK KEEPING, on the most approved plan, by a practical Book-keeper.

ENGLISH GRAMMAR taught practically, by familiar lectures, to private classes, two evenings in a week.

N. B. Females instructed in WRITING between the hours of 3 and 5, every afternoon.

FRENCH CLASS, from 3 to 5, P. M. by Monsieur GARDELI, from Paris. Dec. 11.

NEW-YORK CONSOLIDATED LOTTERY, Class No. 3, for 1831. To be drawn in the city of New-York, on Thursday, the 10th of March, 1831, *at a quarter past four o'clock* P. M. 60 number Lottery—9 drawn ballots.

SCHEME.

1	Prize of	$20,000	is		$20,000
1	- -	6,000	-	-	6,000
1	- -	2,500	-	-	2,500
1	- -	2,270*	-	-	2,270
10	- -	1,000	-	-	10,000
10	- -	500	-	-	5,000
20	- -	250	-	-	5,000
40	- -	100	-	-	4,000
51	- -	50	-	-	2,550
51	- -	40	-	-	2,040
51	- -	30	-	-	1,530
51	- -	25	-	-	1,275
102	- -	20	-	-	2,040
1530	- -	10	-	-	15,300
11475	- -	5	-	-	57,375

* Of which 1250 dollars payable in Albany lands. Nov 26.

M. V. CREGIER'S
GRAND CABINET AND SQUARE
PIANO FORTE STORE,
No. 414 Broadway, opposite Leonard street,
(*Factory* 37 *White street,*)

HAS on hand an elegant assortment of the latest plan and fashion. For materials, workmanship, and tone, they are warranted to be equal to any manufactured.

Old Pianos taken in part payment for new.—All new Piano Fortes will be warranted to be first rate in tone and touch, and to stand the Southern climate.

N. B. Dealers are invited to call, and they will be dealt with on the most reasonable terms.
Jan 29 1y

COMB FACTORY.

MR. E. FRASER respectfully informs his friends and the public, that he keeps on hand an elegant assortment of *Tortoise Shell Combs,* at his old stand, 25 Maiden-lane. Jan. 29 3m

A CARD.—JOHN HUTCHINSON informs his friends and the public, he has reopened his old establishment, EAGLE TAVERN, corner of Washington and Robinson sts. and begs to assure all those who shall honor him with their patronage, that his table shall be well provided, his cellar well stocked with the best wines and liquors, his apartments and beds clean and well aired, and every attention paid to the comfort of his boarders.

Travellers can be accommodated with lodging at all hours.

N. B. Pale Ale and Brown Stout by the barrel either at his Brewery in Brooklyn, at the foot of Jackson street, or at the Eagle Tavern, New York.

SUPERIOR TABLE ALE.

THE Subscriber having introduced the above article, solicits a share of public patronage.

TERMS.

Per Barrel,	. . .	.	$3 00
Half do.	. . .	.	1 50
Ten Gallon Kegs,	. . .	.	1 00
Five do. do.	. . .	.	62

The above article will be delivered in any part of Brooklyn, and in the city of New York, free of expense. Orders left at the Brewery, at the foot of *Jackson street, Brooklyn,* also at the *Eagle Tavern,* will be punctually attended to.

N. B.—Also, a constant supply of *Brown* and *Pale Ales, Bottled Stout, Yeast, Malt* and *Hops.*
JOHN HUTCHINSON.
March 5. tf.16

CHILBLAIN SALVE. Cowper's celebrated Salve, an infallible remedy for chilblains, burns or scalds, fresh wounds and chopped hands. Also, Cowper's celebrated lip Salve for sale by
N. B. GRHAM, Jr.
No. 38 Cedar, corner William.
Feb. 26.

BONESET LOGENZES. Jujube Paste, or Pectoral Gum, and Jolu Bozenges. The above Articles are highly recommended as the most efficacious and palliative remedies now in use, for all diseases arising from coughs, colds, &c.—For sale wholesale and retail, by
N. B. GRAHAM, Jr.
No. 38, corner of William.
Feb. 26.

JOHN KIRKMAN,
HOUSE AND SIGN
PAINTER,
Imitations of Wood, Marble, &c.
NO. 59 HENRY-STREET,
Next door to Market-st. Church,
NEW-YORK.
March 5 6m

FURNACES,

FOR warming Buildings with Rarefied Air, set up on the most approved principle, and in the neatest manner. Grates, Kitchen Furnaces of every description, by
JAMES SAERS,
Feb. 19. 14 No. 33 Chapel street.

A YOUNG MAN wishes to get a situation as a Gardner, who has acquired a knowledge of the business with the Shakers. Good recommendations can be given. Address J. at this office. He would prefer a situation in some private Gentleman's Garden.

PAINTING IN ALL ITS VARIETY—*Plain and ornamental*—No. 9 Ann street, opposite the American Museum.—The subscribers have the honor of announcing to their friends and the public, that they have associated for the purpose of executing all that relates to Painting in every style, assigned for either use or ornament. They will therefore give their most careful attention to the proper execution of Ornamental Decorations, Imitations of Wood and Marble, and all plain, work on oil or water colors, for Public Buildings, Private Residences, Packet Ships, Steamboats, &c.—the whole executed on reasonable terms. The experience of a very consiberable practice, both in Europe and in this country, give confidence to the subscribers in assuring their friends and the public that satisfaction will be given to all those who will favor them with their patronage.
F15 F. GRAIN & D. MAHONY.

MOROCCO POCKET-BOOKS, &c.

TO BOOKSELLERS AND OTHER DEALERS IN FANCY GOODS.—The subscriber continues to manufacture, and has constantly for sale, at the OLD Establishment, 70 William st. the most extensive assortment of Ladies' and Gentlemen's plain, and *elegant* Morocco *POCKET-BOOKS, WALLETS, CARD-CASES,* &c.&c. &c. comprising an unusual HIGH VARIETY *of one hundred and sixty-eight kinds,* (from ten to fifty dozen of each kind and size,) at less than London prices—from 50 cents to 20 dollars per single dozen. The quantity manufactured by the subscriber, enables him to offer to dealers by the gross or single dozen, an article SUPERIOR at the same price or even less than can be bought elsewhere.

Country or City Merchants, desiring VARIETY, or a well made article, at the same prices MANY pay for a poor one, will perhaps serve their interest by calling where they can examine such an extensive assortment as in all probability they have never before seen.
T. BUSSING, Manufacturer.
Feb. 26 70 William, near Cedar street.

WILLIAM KIDDER.

Black and Red Writing Ink; Ink Powders; Sealing Wax; Indelible Ink; Soda and Seidlitz Powders; Court Plaister, &c. &c. These articles may with propriety be warranted equal to any: to prove which, it need only be said, that they are patronized by the U. S. Government at the Capitol, and departments, the New-York Post office, Register's office, &c. The Ink and Wax received a diploma from the American Institute at the last fair.

These articles are manufactured under the inspection of William Kidder and sold by
OCTAVIUS LONGWORTH.
Sign of the Ink Bottle, 22 Exchange Place.
Feb. 26.

NOTICE.

THE celebrated strengthening plaster, for pain or weakness, in the breast, back, side or limbs; and for Rheumatic Affections, Liver Complaints, and Dyspepsia, for sale at No. 38, Beekman Street. This medicine is the invention of an eminent surgeon, and so numerous are the instances in which the most salutary effects have been produced by it, that it is with the utmost confidence recommended to all who are afflicted with those distressing complaints. The sale of this remedy commenced in May, 1827, from this establishment, and the sales have been very extensive. It affords us great pleasure in stating, notwithstanding a condition was annexed to each sale that if relief was not obtained, the money should be returned; out of those numerous sales, from the period above mentioned, up to the present time, ten only have been returned; and those, upon strict inquiry, were found to be diseases for which they were not recommended. This we trust (when fairly considered) will be the strongest evidence that could possibly be given of its utility.

Where the applicants are known, no money will be required till the trial is made and approved where they are not known, the money will be returned, provided the benefit above stated is not obtained.

Apply at 38 Beekman, corner of William st. Also for sale at No. 9 Bowery.
T. KENSETT.

AGENTS FOR THE CONSTELLATION.
Clarksville, Tennessee, F. J. Batson, Assistant P.M
Ballston, New-York, Joel Lee, P. M.
Ithica, New-York, A. B. Clark
Mobile, Alabama, Charles Thomes
Tamaqua, Pennsylvania, Abraham Rex, P. M.
Lexington, North Carolina, D. B. Rounsaville
New Brunswick, New Jersey, Reuben Ayres
Portland, Maine, Samuel Coleman, bookseller
Portsmouth, New Hampshire, N. March, bookseller
Saugerties, New-York, J. Russell, P. M.
Troy, New-York, Clark & Hosford, booksellers

☞ Post Masters and others, procuring Subscribers, and transmitting the money agreeably to the terms of THE CONSTELLATION, are allowed a commission of *ten per cent.*